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"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

Wintering Hens.
To the Editor of the Maine Farmer:

DEAR SIR—As a young friend of the writer is just beginning to raise a large number of hens, for the purpose of selling their eggs, (making this his business), he has written to me to ask you to be so kind as to publish, as soon as you can, in your valuable paper, the best directions you know of respecting the care of hens through the winter, and the best mode of managing them. He takes your paper, and will be glad to see an article of this kind in it, which would, doubtless, be useful to many.

Respectfully,
A CONSTANT READER.

NOTE.—We must call upon some of our subscribers or friends to help us, in this case, for altho' we have been in the habit of keeping hens, it has been after the old fashioned "helter skelter" way; that is, for the hen to take care of itself, and run the risk of freezing to death in the barn or roost during the winter, or any chance shots they might receive from the neighbors they trespassed upon in the summer. The brisk demand for eggs, makes a new era in henological science, and we should be glad to hear from those who have had experience in the new improvements in the system of feeding and housing. The best success that we ever had during the winter with hens, was at a time when we fixed them a roost in the top of a warm pigsty, where they could be on hand when the pigs were fed, and partake of the warm swill two or three times per day, and could lie warm during the nights. But we once had occasion to notice the success of "an old witch," who lived in a cottage, and kept hens. They had "equal rights" with herself at the fire place, and roosted by the side of the chimney, where it was warm and smoky. They were frisky and happy all winter, and laid eggs abundantly.

We couldn't recommend this mode, and yet the hint of keeping them warm and comfortable by a fire or stove, is worth following.

Col. Moulton, of Porter, Oxford county, informed us last winter that he had good success with his hens during the winters, by having a good warm roost, and feeding them attentively with grain, and some fresh animal food, such as livers; and also cabbage, cut small.

Will some of our friends give us a sketch of their experiments and experience in this business?
EDITOR.

Grass Crops.

To the Editor of the Maine Farmer:

Certain knowledge of facts relating to agriculture, is of immense importance. Extraneous theories have sometimes been promulgated by agricultural writers—these, it may be supposed, must have produced evil rather than good. But it must not be forgotten that agriculture is a progressive and an experimental science. Even false theories may be possibly a means of ultimately or indirectly accomplishing some good purpose. It has been observed that "the most necessary part of learning is to unlearn our errors," and if we never unlearn errors, we should have none to unlearn.

A few years since the subject of growing roots as winter food for cattle, largely engrossed the attention of farmers and agricultural writers. It was often asserted that the growing of roots was an easier and much more profitable mode of procuring winter support for live stock, than the sycamore and the pitchfork. The public mind became warmly excited—many no doubt were visited with golden dreams, and realized, in imagination, an abundant flow of wealth. But grass is the cheapest food for cattle, horses, and sheep; and grass crops are not only more profitable than root crops, so far as dollars and cents are concerned, but the least exhausting, and the most improving crop grown in our country.

In reasoning upon subjects relating to the interests of our own country, we should often refer to foreign countries. Very well—what of the grass crops of Great Britain? If the assertion had been made, that the grass crops alone, of that famous island, exceed in value its entire commerce, which stretches throughout the Globe, we should have been startled—nay, we should have denied the assertion at the threshold. But that indefatigable friend of the farmer, Colman, assures us that this is a provable fact.

If, then, the growing of grass crops is a source of such vast prosperity in Great Britain, we may well ask the question, what can be done in our own country? Here, science, practical skill, industry, capital, enterprise, and even genius itself, may find an ample field for exertion. Every advance made in the skillful management of grass crops, is so much added to the public prosperity.

I am aware that the highest attention should be paid to the making of manure, and that a good system of rotation or changing crops should be practiced. By so doing the farmer may increase the bulk of his grass crops, and this we consider proof positive of a growing prosperity.

One great advantage to be considered, is that crops of grass are not liable to disease, like many other crops. Grass, indeed, may sometimes suffer in extremely dry weather, but I believe that lands that are tolerably fertile, and often brought under the plough, invariably produce good crops of grass, even in the driest seasons. Who ever heard of



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crops of grass failing in dry seasons, on lands lately seeded down?

The expense of growing crops of grass, must be much less than cultivated crops in general, and we think it may be safely asserted that grass yields a vastly greater clear profit, than any kind of grain grown among us. And shall we not think of the excellent manure which is the result of large crops of grass? this should stimulate every farmer to active exertion.

But is every part of our wide spread country equally well calculated for the growing of grass crops? Or rather, we might ask the question, is the growing of crops of grass equally profitable in every section of our country? It may be a task to answer this question satisfactorily. In Maine we are under the necessity of feeding our live stock from the barn, nearly or quite one half of the year. In the Southern States much less hay is required, but more summer feed is necessary. I am inclined to think that the growing of grass crops, either in the form of hay, or grass for the summer feed, must be more or less beneficial to the soil, at the South as well as at the North; and the ploughing in of grass crops to enrich the soil, may be long place the agriculture of our common country, upon a very high standing.

J. E. ROLFE.
P. S. I do not eschew the growing of root crops, if not carried to too great extent.
J. E. R.
Runford, Nov. 1st, 1845.

FAILURE OF THE POTATO CROP.—Once more we repeat our thrice confirmed conviction that to alternate frost and rain must be attributed the failure of the potato crop; and of the soundness of our conclusion we obtain abundant proof from the columns of some of our contemporaries who differ in opinion with us. Thus we find Mr. W. R. Meads, of Kinsale, stating in the "Gardener's Chronicle," of Saturday last, that the disease was first observed there on the evening of the 8th inst., which was a very hot day, succeeding a slight frost. In the "United Gardener's and Land Stewards' Journal," too, Mr. J. Barnes, of Bickton Gardens, Sidmouth, Devon, says:—"I never felt the cold more severely in the month of March, than I have done this season, during the last two weeks in July, and the two first weeks in August, usually most severe from half-past three to half-past four A. M.; and I certainly never previously observed the morning frosts so severe at that season of the year." We could cite a mass of evidence to the same effect, but that would now be of little use; let us rather turn our thoughts to suggesting remedies for the evil.

In the "Dusseldorf Gazette," it is stated that "a farmer living on one of the estates of the Duke de Arenburg, near Dusseldorf, has discovered a mode of preventing the rotting of potatoes, and even curing it when it has already commenced. The method is very simple; it consists in merely harrowing deeply the earth in which the tubers are planted, so as to produce an evaporation, which will diminish the fermentation caused by humidity," and it is added that the plan has proved completely successful. Let it be tried wherever it is not now too late.

In our publication of Monday, we quoted from the "Monitor" a proposition for preserving from decay potatoes partially tanned, by a sort of semi-baking, in an oven heated to 64 or 65 degrees of Reaumur (about 180 of Fahrenheit), and the plan, like that of converting them into fucula, or arrow root, may answer very well on a small scale. We would recommend slicing, stringing, and hanging them in kitchens and outhouses, as apples are managed in America, as a means of saving a part of the crop, in addition to the two first described methods. [London Freeman's Journal.]

MR. CLAY'S FARM IN KENTUCKY. A correspondent of the Cleveland (Ohio) Herald, who is staying in Kentucky, gives the following description of this farm:

Mr. Clay's farm contains about 800 acres; and in all my wanderings, including even New England, I have never seen the same number of acres in a body, as handsome, as productive, as well fenced, and as well cultivated. His woodland is cleared of all underbrush and dead wood—his fields are enclosed with good fences, with the top rails all on end, and a wood or briar in the corners—his hedges, &c., are prepared with the skill and care of a thrifty farmer—and he has a ten acre lot of corn upon which he has bestowed extra labor and attention, with the view of obtaining this premium.

Then there are his fine-blooded cattle, sheep and horses, apportioned off into lots, according to age, and the use and purposes for which they are designed. Indeed, there is no spot in or about his residence or farm that will not furnish evidence of his being a thrifty and practical farmer. True it is that I had read and heard much of Mr. Clay as the "Farmer of Ashland," but I regarded him as what is termed a "gentleman farmer"—as one who had a farm, but knew little and cared less how it was cultivated. But let any one walk with Mr. Clay over his broad acres—notice his intimate knowledge of every thing pertaining to farming—hear him relate how he prepares and improves his stock, and yearly renders more and more productive and profitable his extensive plantations—and he will then see with his own eyes that one of the best, practical, and most useful farmers, in this or any other country, is Henry Clay, the farmer of Ashland; and he will also see and learn that the best butter and cheese in the Lexington market are made by Mrs. Clay, the wife of the "Farmer of Ashland."

YOUNG MEN, HELP YOURSELVES.—"Providence," we are told, "helps them who help themselves." A true proverb, and worthy to be stamped on every heart. Passing through life, you will find many a stream that will cross your path—but don't sit down and mourn. If you can't wade across, throw in stones to stand upon, or bring forth a dead tree from the forest, and you will soon make a bridge and be safe on the opposite side. To-day you are opposed in your project. Don't stop—don't go back—meet the opposer—persevere and you will conquer. Providence will assist you. You have failed in business—come out from under the load-stool of despondency, and try again. Zounds! if you don't help yourself and persevere you will do nothing, and be punished at every step and every corner by the cruellest of all enemies—poverty. Your friends have died—bury them—but don't linger in the church-yard, mourning because they are gone and you may go next. Up with you—wipe off your tears, and go to work and be happy—'tis the only way.

In fine, help yourselves in all places—at all times, and Providence will assist you, smile on you, and make life a scene of active enjoyment and real pleasure.

Mode of Slaughtering Animals.

I have felt it a duty of humanity to inquire into the mode of slaughtering animals, with a view to discover if there be any way of lessening the suffering necessarily inflicted. When it is considered that from thirty to forty thousand animals, poultry and game not included, are put to death weekly, for the supply of the city of London alone, it becomes a grave question of humanity whether any, and if any, what amount, of the physical suffering necessarily incident to such operations, can be saved.

"The poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporeal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies."

The moral influences of the employment, in this case, are certainly deserving of consideration. The notions of former times were such, that a butcher was not allowed to sit as juror in a trial of life and death. I cannot sympathize in these prejudices; but any practice, which tends in any degree to render us indifferent to the infliction of pain, even in the case of a dumb animal,—any practice bordering upon cruelty,—cannot be without its pernicious effects upon the temper and character of persons accustomed to it. It may seem to some persons a ridiculous squeamishness, but I confess that I never see cooked animals brought upon the table as near as possible in the form of life, whether it be game or any thing else, without a painful disgust, which I find it impossible to overcome. It is a mysterious law of nature that animals should feed upon each other; and certainly, as we cannot doubt, like all the laws of nature, a beneficent law; but it is the ferocity of a tiger, and not becoming a man, which delights to regale itself with the warm blood of his victim; and though I am no Brannin, I wish always that the food which I eat should be as far as possible separated from all associations of life.

Sheep are slaughtered by thrusting a straight knife through the neck, between the bone and the windpipe, "severing the carotid artery and jugular vein on both sides," by which they bleed freely, and life soon becomes extinct. They are kept fasting twenty-four hours before death, as it is said that, if killed upon a full stomach, the meat is not so agreeable to the taste, and sooner passes into a putrid state. Sheep are placed here upon a cradle or stool, to be killed, as with us. I am not very well able to describe the mode of cutting up and dressing, further than to say, that it exhibits remarkable meanness; that most as far as I can observe, is never blown; and that the carcass is not, as with us, slit down by the back-bone, and so divided into four quarters; but a piece nearly square is cut from the loins, termed here a saddle of mutton, which is esteemed a more choice part for roasting than the leg, and is always a favorite dish upon an elegant table. The butchers, or cooks, have likewise a habit, not certainly general with us, but much to be commended,—that of separating the joints before the meat is cooked, which greatly alleviates the difficulty of carving.

The mode of slaughtering cattle differs from that of slaughtering sheep. Some gentlemen, a few years ago, interested themselves much on this subject, on the sole ground of humanity, and experiments were made of killing the animals by driving a sharp instrument directly into the spinal cord, back of the horns; but, although the animal fell instantly, yet the convulsions continued much longer than when he was killed by being stunned, by the former method, and it was reasonably inferred that, the suffering, therefore, was much greater.—This is said to be the mode adopted in the slaughtering establishments in the neighborhood of Paris, "where a sharp pointed chisel is driven, with a smart stroke, between the second and third vertebrae of the spine; insensibility immediately ensues, and the blood is let out by opening the blood-vessels of the neck." Besides the objection already mentioned, this mode of slaughtering, it is said the animal does not bleed so freely and entirely as when stunned on the forehead, as by the former method. The present mode of killing is by bringing, by means of a ring on the floor and a rope passed round the foot of the horns, the ox's head to the ground; and he is then struck on the forehead, not, as with us, by an axe with a flat head, but with a similar instrument, with a pointed end, two or three inches long, of the size of the small finger, this point being hollow, and with sharp edges,—and this is driven directly into the upper forehead. The animal falls at once; this point is immediately extracted, and a wooden pin, of about the same diameter, is driven into the wound, and the animal dies at once. I am not certain that this is an improvement upon the mode of killing which prevails with us; though the killing of an ox, with us, requires great dexterity and great strength; otherwise, the blows require to be repeated, and much suffering is inflicted, which it would seem might be avoided. The English method might be tried; and if it has any advantages to the sufferer, or the executioner, I cannot doubt it would be adopted.

Cattle, as I have observed, are not killed under six or eight weeks old, and they are bled daily for a week before they are slaughtered. I do not know that is a very painful operation, but very little seems to be gained by it. They are killed, as with us, by cutting their throats across. The manner, however, in which they are often conveyed through the streets, piled into a cart lengthwise, by dozens, with their heads hanging down as they are jolted over the pavements, is perfectly shocking to humanity, and deserves the interference of the benevolent society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. It is sufficiently humiliating to feel, that in nothing does man need more watching and restraint, than in his treatment of the helpless and defenceless.

It is a subject certainly worthy of concern. It is no affectation of sensibility, though by some it may be deemed a morbid sensibility, to say, that the subject is a painful one. The passion which one sometimes sees excited in the killing of animals, and the utter callousness and indifference with which some persons go about it, to whom the work is familiar, are very far from being agreeable features, either in temper or conduct. The sight and smell of blood excite an instinctive horror, even among the inferior animals; and any man who contributes, in any way, to alleviate pain and suffering, even among the lowest of sensitive existences, and to prevent cruelty, more especially to dumb and defenceless, need not feel that he has lived wholly in vain. [Coleman's European Agriculture.]

We have received from Mr. Wm. Bricher, a messenger cabbage, weighing nearly 30 lbs., and measuring 16 inches through. Also a single root, from which have grown five handsome and well headed cabbages, each about the size of the early York cabbage.

Mr. Bricher, who left a confectionary establishment two years ago, for the occupation of farming, upon which he entered without experience, simply as a book and newspaper farmer, has been very successful in the business. He has sent us some of the White Altringham Carrots, of which he has raised an quantity of land at the rate of 2550 bushels, making at 50 lbs. the bushel, about 50 tons to the acre.—[Newburyport Herald.]

The Farmer's Saturday Eve.

The glory of the setting sun
Emblazons forest, field and plain;
It clothes in gold the lonely hill,
And glitters in the waving grain.

The peasant wending homeward now,
Whilst gauds o'er the fields and trees,
Sees nature's songsters sporting round,
And smiling, greets the balmy breeze.

His weekly toil is ended now,
The eve of Saturday has come;
It cheers the valley and the field,
And gently stills the busy hum.

While thus all nature sinks to rest,
Who, like the man that tills the soil,
Can feel the joy that nature gives,
Whilst resting from his weekly toil?

For while he rests his weary limbs,
And uningles in the social room,
Kind nature makes his verdant fields
To smile, and growing grain to bloom.

Fond trinkets clink upon his knee,
And tender accents greet his ear;
Bright smiles without reward his toil,
And smiles within make joyful cheer.

Give me the farmer's happy home,
So free from dread corruption's wile;
Yes, let me breathe the balmy breeze,
Where rural joys 'midst plenty smile.

[Ohio Cultivator.]

Irrigation and Deep Ploughing.

These must generally be adopted in our country. We blindly follow our British ancestors in neglecting the former without reflecting that sunshine is almost as rare in England as rain here. As to deep ploughing, all science, all practice, all authority, recommend it, and yet three-fourths of our farmers persist in skinning their land over from five to eight inches deep, or not half what is required. We saw a field after field which would not yield ten bushels of wheat, (and good stout stuff at that,) which might have been put up to twenty by deep ploughing alone. Of course one year would not exhibit all the benefit of this culture; though even the first year, if a dry one, would show its decided advantage; but let land have time to get used to Deep Ploughing, and it will tell you plainly how it relishes that treatment. And the man who ploughs deep, is pretty apt to put something else into the soil as well as iron. He will have much and peat from his swamps, and a noble compost heap upon his barn.

We hear farmers complain, and most truly, that they can make nothing by their business,—and this while they are paying taxes, keeping up fences, and perhaps paying mortgage-interest, on twice as much land as they can cultivate well, and letting half of it go from year to year without tillage, without fertilizing, and often growing up to bushes and all manner of mischief. Now the wonder is not that such farmers do not thrive—the marvel is that they exist. Let any manufacturer, mechanic or merchant do his business after this pattern, and he must fail—there is no help for it.

But must we conclude that bad farming has become inveterate among our people?—that our Farmers have resolved, though they know better to hold twice as much land as they can till thoroughly and to torment it till it ruins them. We will not give it up. Every farmer we see admits the evil—says he and his neighbor run over too much ground, cultivate too slowly, are not sufficiently wide awake to the march of improvement, and lay out too much main strength on what could be easier and better done by the aid of skill and science. All are aware that they must farm better or break; for the car of Improvement moves on, and the only choice is to ride or be run over by it.—[N. Y. Tribune.]

New Grass Fields.

The grass seed that was well sown in August looks extremely well. We had timely rains in the latter part of that month and in September that brought up the blades strong and healthy. It is pleasing to note the progress of this new mode of stocking down lands to grass. Six years ago not one farmer in fifty would admit that it was good husbandry to turn over the green sward furrow and stock down at once without sowing grain with the grass seed. A great majority thought it absurd to lay the land to grass again without first tilling it two or three years to make it mellow.

One consequence of this erroneous notion was that low, flat, cold, and wet grounds were suffered to lie dormant. They were not profitable or suitable for tillage, yet they are the best part of every farm for mowing grounds. But now we see these low lands bearing the richest crops of grass, and we get it without going through the costly process of tilling just for the sake of tilling;—and we are now able to give every field a chance—we practice rotation, yet keep these low grounds constantly in grass.

The grand effects of this new system of rotation is beginning to be evident to the farmers in all parts of New England. When we lectured at the All State Show in Kennebec on the eighth instant we alluded to this new mode of seeding. The clergyman who officiated on the occasion said to us afterwards that he had practiced sowing in this mode for three or four years, and thought it a great improvement.

In a large number of our towns you will find fields sown in this mode. When the practice becomes general we have not the least doubt it will add one quarter to the quantity of English hay on all farms where such soils abound.—[Mass. Ploughman.]

TIME OF PLANTING PEACHES.—We are requested to give the time of planting peach, the depth, &c.

If planted in the fall, the stones may get wasted away, or thrown out of the ground, and the mice may get the meat; and if they do not, work by the operations of nature, there will be a failure. Besides, fall planting prevents the advantage of spring ploughing. Therefore we prefer planting in the spring, and under the following management.

Any time from taking the seeds from the meat to the furrow up of the ground, bury peach stones ten or twelve inches deep, in a soil not very wet. Let them remain till the ground is dry enough in the spring, and has been ploughed and prepared. Then take the stone, and with a quick blow on the side edge, crack the stone without injury to the meat.—Plant the best seeds, about as deep as you would corn, and seed exactly where you want a tree.—Plant the poor seeds in a bed, some of which will grow, and from them transplant to fill any vacancies where the best seed was planted.

[Boston Cultivator.]

The Perfect Mechanic.

"I have learned my trade, sir, and what more is now wanted? I have served seven years, and it is a pity if I must still keep on learning. Is there to be no end to learning a trade?"

This is the language we daily hear from the mason, who builds more than half his chimneys wrong end up. This from the carpenter, who makes his door and floor joints with a view of letting the air circulate freely—who puts up his gutter that is so true and level that the water is at a loss what course to take, at length it runs over on to the plate, and thence inside the rooms, saving us the trouble of sprinkling the floors to lay the dust on sweeping the house; and the paper and the carpets are moistened also, and the moths are obliged to scud for their lives.

The blacksmith, too, is ready to say he has learned his trade. His welding needs soldering, and his horses go lame; but "he has learned his trade," and why should he need more than the news of the day? The fiddler from College reads Latin, and Greek, and French—he has committed to memory the problems of Euclid—he has "been through college"—learned out, and why should he study any more?

The millwright makes you a gate,—he makes a formal display of his plumb and his square, and his work is as neat as a pin; but he forgets to calculate on the pressure of the flood—he stops your complaint, but he never stops the water—he works by the rule altogether—he, too, long ago, "learned his trade."

"Oh, generation of idlers! Who hath taught you to see from mental exertion? Who hath taught you that the time has come when there is no need of mental exercise? The bee learned her trade in the cradle, and the swallow builds her nest by the pattern which was set her some years before the flood. But man was created to make progress in knowledge; his nature cannot be satisfied with present acquisitions, and he must advance still further.

"Be ye perfect," saith the scripture; but we are not taught to think ourselves perfect when we lack so much. We dislike to hear a mechanic talk as if he worked by instinct; we despise the scholar who is satisfied with present acquisitions of knowledge; and we cannot respect that farmer who, without regarding the times and the markets, without reflecting and without thought, follows implicitly the track which his father trod—grows the same plants that the pilgrims did, without regard to the probability of a demand for his products.

[Massachusetts Ploughman.]

BOYS' PLOWING MATCH.—At the Newcastle Co. (Delaware) Agricultural Exhibition, last month, there was a spirited plowing match for boys under 16 years of age. It is thus described: "A row followed the second match, being entries for boys under 16 years of age; eight of whom entered. Their performance was indeed surprising. The first premium was won by a lad by the name of Janvier, the son, as I understood of a poor widow woman; and when asked whether he would have a piece of plate or its value in money, replied he would take the money, 'as he wanted it for his mother.' The second was won by Master George Jackson, a boy ten years old; (a son of Mr. Bryan Jackson, a large farmer,) and thought small of his age. The clearing up furrow of this lad, exceeded any effort I ever saw of the kind by a boy. In addition to the second premium, Mr. Pedder presented to him a member of the Committee, as coming from the Messrs. Proctor, whose plow he held, a beautiful little watch, with chain, key, &c., and the possession of it seemed to gratify the little fellow much; nor was he scarcely less gratifying, apparently, to the numerous spectators, who all voted him the General Tom Thumb of the plowing ground."

TRANSPLANTING APPLE TREES.—All hardy fruit trees, more especially apples, will bear a considerable portion of manure in the soil, provided it has previously been well intermixed with the soil and thoroughly rotted.

A very successful experiment was made two years ago by the writer, the results of which are now very striking, by digging very large holes for apple trees, and filling them with a mixture of soil and rotted manure. A thorough intermixture of the soil and manure was effected, as they were gradually filled in, by means of a large toothed iron rake. The holes were about seven feet in diameter, and a foot deep. In setting out the trees, common garden earth only was placed in contact with the roots, consequently the effect of the mixed rotted manure was not visible the first year. The present year, however, its influence has been most obvious in the rapid growth of the shoots, and in the uncommonly dark and rich hue of the large and luxuriant foliage.

It is hardly necessary to add that the soil as a matter of course was kept clean and in a mellow state, and that the trees were tied to an upright stake, driven into the hole before filling, to prevent shaking and loosening by the wind.—[Albany Cultivator.]

An instrument has been invented in England, called "Carson's Meat Preserver." It consists of a syringe, having a sharp pointed nipple, the sides of which are pierced with a number of small holes, the general use is to be filled with brine, which it forces out of small holes through the whole body of a piece of meat into which the point has been pressed; and the operation of picking is thus thoroughly performed in a few minutes.

A VENERABLE APPLE TREE.—During the heavy blow on Friday, an apple tree standing on the farm of Mr. William P. Wingate, on the Dover Neck road, in this town, was blown down. This venerable tree, from authentic tradition, is supposed to have been two hundred years old: it measured sixteen feet and a half in circumference, and has been known to bear forty bushels of apples a year for a number of years. One year it bore fifty bushels—and it has probably averaged thirty bushels a year for one hundred and fifty years! [Dover Eng.]

SUBSOIL PLOUGHING.—A writer in the Boston Cultivator, says:—"Last winter I purchased a subsoil plough, and used it just enough to satisfy myself that it is a very useful implement for a farmer. I had corn the present year where it was used, that suffered very little, if any, from the drought, while on land within eight rods, of the same quality, but not subsoiled, the corn was entirely killed by drought. I am satisfied that I might have saved the price of my subsoil plough by using it one day on my corn land the present season."

SAGO CREAM. The following recipe is for a mess which is very grateful to the sick:
Take a dessert spoonful of sago, boil it in a pint of water to a jelly; add a tea-cup of cream, boil it again—beat up one egg very light, and pour the sago on while hot—sugar and nutmeg to your taste. [Am. Farmer.]

The Hero.
My father was a farmer good,
With corn and beef in plenty;
I mowed and hoed and held the plow,
And longed for one and twenty.
For I had quite a martial turn,
And scorn'd the lowing cattle;
I hurried to wear an uniform,
Hear drums and see a battle.
My birth-day came, my father aged,
But stoutly I resisted;
My sister wept, my mother prayed,
But off I went and flattered.
They marched me on thro' wet and dry,
To times more loud than charming;
But lugging knapsack, box and gun,
Was harder work than farming.
We met the foe—the cannons roared,
The crimson tide was flowing;
The frightful death-cries filled my ears,
I wished that I was moving.
I lost my leg—the foe came on,
They had me in their clutches,
I stayed in prison till the peace,
Then hobbled home on crutches.
[Western Reserve Mag.]

Scraps of Curious Information.

Metallic Resources of the United States.—Iron is the most abundant metallic mineral our country affords. Its value is ten times the value of the gold and silver, and one-half the value of all the metals produced in the United States. Iron is found in every State of the Union.

The most valuable mine is one in Salisbury, Conn., which yields 3000 tons annually. The mines in Duchess and Columbia counties, in the State of New York, produce annually 20,000 tons of ore; Essex county, 1,500 tons; Clinton 3,000; St. Lawrence 2,000; Franklin 600;—amounting in value to more than \$500,000. The value of the iron manufactured in the United States in 1835 was \$5,000,000, in '37, 7,700,000. In Ohio 1200 square miles are underlain with iron. A region explored in 1838 would furnish iron 61 miles long and six miles wide; a square mile would yield 3,000,000 tons of pig iron, so that this district would contain 1,800,000,000 tons. By taking from this region 1,000,000 tons annually, (a larger quantity than England produced previous to 1830,) it would last 2,750 years. The States of Kentucky, Tennessee, Indiana, Illinois, Maryland, and Virginia possess inexhaustible quantities of iron ore. In Tennessee 100,000 tons are annually manufactured. Notwithstanding our great iron resources, more than one half of our cutlery, hardware, railroad iron, &c., is still imported from Great Britain.

It is supposed by geologists that the weekly supply of gold from our own mines will be equal to the demand, and that our mines will yet be more profitable than the mines of Brazil or Columbia.

The most extensive lead mines in the world are in Missouri, where the lead region is 70 miles long by 50 wide. These mines in 1836 produced 7,500,000 lbs.; and the whole produce of the United States was 1,335,105 lbs.

It has been estimated that the quantity of iron required in England for railroads, &c., for the current year, will be about 1,200,000 tons, which it is supposed will be equal to all that that country will produce.

It is estimated that the quantity of iron produced in the United States in 1845, will be 919,100 tons valued at \$33,940,500.—[N. B. Herald.]

ANECDOTES OF BIRDS.—A writer on natural history thus describes a remarkable instance of sagacity in a willow wren, which had built her nest in a bank. "This bird," says the writer, "a friend and myself had observed as she sat in her nest, but were particularly careful not to disturb her, though we saw she eyed us with some degree of jealousy. Some days after, as we passed that way, we were desirous of remarking how this brood went on; but no nest could be found, till I happened to take up a large bundle of long green moss, as it were carelessly thrown over the nest, in order to dodge the eye of any inquisitive intruder."

A correspondent of a London Magazine gives the following interesting anecdote of a sparrow, who, it seems, killed her spouse through excess of fear and affection:

"Being in the country, near Working, Surrey, last week, I was witness to a female sparrow killing her mate, not from either hatred or jealousy, but from love. The pair were in search of a place for building their nest, and the male bird, finding a tempting hole among the tiles of the roof, got into it; unfortunately, he became entangled in the broken mortar, and could not force his way back. The female saw his situation, and after flying backwards and forwards several times, twittering and apparently in great distress, she attempted to pull him out.—Several birds were attracted by the accident, and came fluttering round, but were beaten off by the female sparrow. She then redoubled her own efforts to extricate the male; and getting hold of his head she evidently penetrated the brain. About an hour afterwards, I again passed the place, and saw a bird sitting on the very spot where the accident had happened, crouched together, with her feathers all standing up so as to give her the appearance of a ball, and certainly looking the very image of a disconsolate widow."

BRIDGE OVER THE NIAGARA RIVER.—A writer in the Rochester Advertiser was led to make the following estimate of the cost of a stone bridge across the Niagara river at a point below the falls, where it is only 332 feet wide. The writer's calculations are made for a bridge of a single stone arch, and the practicability of the scheme is not at all doubted. Supposing, says the writer, the bridge to be three hundred and fifty feet long, and thirty feet wide, there would be room for a railroad track, a carriage way, and walk for foot passengers. It is estimated to cost as follows:—

Excavation in the bank for foundation,	\$5,000
Plank cent 440 feet long, 30 feet wide, 8 feet thick, 1,300,000 ft plank \$7,	9,000
Expenses and putting up of centre,	10,000
Stone masonry, 22,000 cubic yds. \$4,	88,000
Contingencies,	6,000
Total,	\$120,000

It is supposed that an Iron Suspension Bridge could be constructed at a less rate, but the objection would be that the public would not have perfect confidence in its safety, at least so the writer thinks.

FIGURED SILK RIBBON FACTORY.—We have seen several specimens of figured silk bindings manufactured by Messrs. Vogel & Co., in this city. They furnish conclusive proof that these men can manufacture any desirable article of the kind. We understand that they are rapidly getting their machinery in order for manufacturing all kinds of figured ribbons and figured vestings by a process unknown in Europe and with increased rapidity. [Bangor Courier.]

TO KILL MOSS ON ROOFS.—A

(CONTINUED FROM LAST PAGE.)

to meet him. A moment afterwards the sudden and distinct recollection of all she had endured since they last met, rushed on her mind, and irrepressible tears filled her eyes. The book fell from Mildred's hand in the great, and not altogether agreeable, surprise with which she saw Ernest Grey approach her cousin and greet her with all a brother's unconcealed affection. Blushing deeply at her own impetuosity, and with some fear of its being misconstrued by the heiress, Ellen turned to introduce the visitor, and marked with artless astonishment Mildred's courteous and self-possessed reception of "one of her Newport acquaintances."

"Is it possible you met Ernest in Newport?" Ellen asked; "and why did you not tell me before?"

"For the simple reason that I was not aware you were such very intimate friends," was the reply, with a slight smile, and in a tone of reproval that grated on Ellen's ear. The words, trivial as they were in themselves, were ungraciously spoken, and Ellen replied gravely—"Ernest and myself have been constant companions from my earliest recollection. He was my father's relative, and is the only connexion I have in the world, beside your father and yourself; and though not very nearly bound by kindred, he is my best friend."

Mildred felt far more keenly than the speaker imagined the reproach conveyed in the orphan's reply, and was well aware that the involuntary pique she had betrayed would not tend to enhance her attractions in Ernest's eyes. She felt provoked with Ellen, too, and not until she had more than once encountered Ernest's appealing gaze did she return to the gentler memories and kinder emotions that gaze revealed. He spoke to her, however, but little, for he saw that their secret had been confided to Ellen, and only by the eloquent glances, which to the initiated say such "unutterable things," did he disclose all he felt and recalled. How beautiful Ellen looked! For the first time since her mother's death her heart grew glad in its warm response to sympathy, and heard expressions of tenderness without a doubt of their sincerity. The friends' *tele-tete* was long and earnest, and only ceased when the entrance of several guests prevented the continuance of confidential conversation. We often talk of friendship, of knowing our friends well, and yet how little we do actually know of each other, and how would that young group have been startled, had the veiled secrets of their hearts been laid bare! We do wrong to lament that such mysteries are—their disclosure is ever a dangerous experiment—and the time came for Ellen when more knowledge of the truth dimmed the last hope the earth proffered her. Reluctantly, without having gained an opportunity to whisper one private word to Mildred, Ernest took leave. He was to sail the next afternoon; and after promising to visit Ellen again before his departure, he left her to dream of a hope, that was, also, but a dream. That evening Mildred received this note from Ernest:

"We have met again, and yet I feel restless and dissatisfied. Oh! Mildred, why do you not allow me to act naturally and candidly? Why must I be condemned thus to play the hypocrite? But forgive, if I have ventured even for a moment to blame you; for, oh! it is not at a time like this that I should censure, when in a few hours I must leave you, heaven only knows if not forever, to all that time may bring of change and sorrow. . . . I accidentally learned, on arriving in the city, that Ellen Leslie was an inmate of your home, and I need not say how joyfully and immediately I embraced so happy an excuse for daring to see you. I was not aware, until now, that my sweet friend was your cousin, and that knowledge forms a double tie between us. I have no cause to entreat you, Mildred—you who have proved yourself so far above all selfishness—to be kind to Ellen. Her utter loneliness is powerful claim enough, and she is in truth almost an angel, in character as well as in beauty. She has long been to me as a loved and loving sister, and is dearer than any but yourself, and I am grateful that she will be so happily situated in your society. I shall see you to-morrow; when and how we may again meet, no human lips can tell, and all my boasted hopefulness fails me now, as our parting draws near. I do not doubt, but I fear. Oh, Mildred! let me never have reason to grieve for having loved you so well. Do not let temptation teach you forgetfulness; for it is no idle thing to hold in your hand the destiny of all a life. I leave you, surrounded by admiration, luxury and homage—all that the worldly prize most, but I believe from my soul that these things cannot spoil you, and that you love me. Think of me, and across the wide waste of many waters, my prayers will bless you, and through the long night-watches my heart will forsake its stormy exile and come home in loving dreams to yours!"

The morrow came, and with it a sad and tearful parting. With a self-possession wonderful in one so young, showing how thoroughly she had studied the conventionalities of society, Mildred bade Ernest that long and sorrowful farewell. Her cheek was pale, and her lip slightly quivered—nothing else told that she suffered. She had firmly resolved not to betray a secret whose revelation would bring with it many a parental reproach, and she unflinchingly kept her resolution. Perhaps, had she loved better, it would have been broken. She had hastily written a few words of hope, of promise, of faithfulness; and as she pressed Ernest's hand at parting, she placed the note within it. Ellen wept her friend's departure bitterly; for it was to her a trying and solemn thing to lose for years the only being in whose sincerity she could fully confide.

Well, he was gone; it was all over, that painful struggle of pride and tenderness and grief, and the orphan was alone again. Is there such a thing as friendship between man and woman? I believe that in early youth, unless the heart of each be already otherwise occupied, there is not; and separation, which is so sudden a prompter to self-knowledge, is frequently the only teacher of this truth. Ellen realized that with her this self-deception was at an end—she had a friend no longer. And can we blame her if in her simplicity, and in the faith which believes what it hopes, judging Ernest's emotions by her own, she attributed to him the same delusion and imagined that he, too, loved? She was ignorant that any other tie was binding him—his words were always warm and kind—and she went on from thought to thought, weaving a tissue, whose very brilliancy should have taught her its illusion. And thus the three separated. Let us pass silently over the years of absence, to portray how much sadder even than parting may be the moment of meeting again.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Maine Farmer.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, NOV. 13, 1845.

Probate Notices. Those of our friends who have Probate Notices to publish, and would like to have them appear in the Farmer, which circulates extensively in Kennebec County, have only to signify the wish to the Judge of Probate.

Job Work. of all kinds, as neatly executed, and at as fair rates, at the Farmer Office, as at any other establishment this side of the "City of Notions." Fancy jobs printed with all the different colored inks.

Scenes in the Wilderness—No. 4.

As you go up the Sebocis and come near to the head waters, you occasionally obtain some fine views of several mountains at different distances from you, and which, as we have before observed, seem to lift themselves up from the wilderness below in huge isolated masses, like some lonely monarch keeping watch upon the plains below, as if a certain portion of the forest belonged to them as a special inheritance. One of them from its singularly regular form has obtained the name of the "Sugar Loaf." It is but a few miles easterly of the river, and forms a conspicuous landmark to the voyager as he traverses these solitudes, anxiously watching for signs of progress as he toils slowly and wearily against the stream in his upward progress. We did not visit it, but are told by Dr. Jackson, that its geological formation consists of gray wacke, slate and greenstone trap, interspersed with beds of Jasper, and that its height is 1900 feet above the river. Indeed this region exhibits many interesting traits to the scientific geologist, who finds in the broken masses of trap and conglomerate, as well as the remains of different species of shell fish, that it has been subject to tremendous changes both by fire and flood, which have left the marks of their presence legibly written on the rocks and mountains that remain, for man to read the story as he best could.

After drifting down the sluggish beaver pond, which we mentioned in our last as being the scene of the ducking hunt, the stream becomes choked with lumber and windfalls, and it is necessary to unload and carry our baggage and boats across another portage of a mile or more until you strike the stream (La Pompique) again, which has now become deeper and much enlarged by the additional waters of several small tributaries.

While trudging slowly along with our "wangan" upon our back, and picking our way over the narrow path which the hunters and voyagers had made, we observed "Jo" to turn aside a few steps and stop suddenly as if arrested by something that excited his attention. On coming up to him, we found him gazing at the burnt and blackened fragments of what had been a camp, and which was evidently destroyed by fire. We could see nothing remarkable about it, and could not conceive why "Jo" should look so very serious at the ashes and extinguished brands, until he pointed to a tree not far off, where we espied a board nailed on to it. In this were cut in rude characters the name of "Thomas Knowlen," together with his age and date. At the foot of the tree was a grave. "One day, white man said murdered here," said "Jo" with great solemnity, at the same time looking round on every side as if he expected the spirit of the departed would start out from some tree or bush and stand before him. We will not deny that this announcement, which told us that we were standing by the grave of a murdered man, here in the very remotest recesses of the wilderness, so far from any human habitation, gave us no pleasant emotions. One would suppose, that here, at least, a person might live in safety, with little fear of being the victim of uncontrollable passion, envy or malice, or at least in no danger from the knife of the assassin. But alas! the human passions when excited, are the same, whether in the crowded city or the lone wilderness, and when allowed full scope, unchecked by the restraints of morality or religion, bear us on to deeds of violence and death. Here was evidence, that this quiet, silent spot had been the scene of anger, strife and bloodshed, and that from this solitary camp the spirit of a fellow being had been sent "unshriven" and unprepared into the presence of its Maker.

Our party soon came up, and as one of them was knowing to some of the facts, we all sat down and listened to the story, the tenor of which was as follows. Thomas Knowlen, whose body was buried in the grave at our feet, resided on the Penobscot, at a place now called Passadumkeag, and was one of the first settlers in that region. He followed the business of farming, lumbering, and hunting. He was a quiet, industrious man, and made a good living by his pursuits. During the fall of 1825, he left home on an excursion, in company with three men, Jonathan Cleveland, Justus Michaels, and another by the name of Carr. They pitched their camp here between the head waters of the Sebocis and La Pompique. During the fall and winter his friends heard nothing of him. Early next summer, Carr, one of his partners, returned to the Penobscot, bringing with him Knowlen's dog, and told the friends of Knowlen that he came from the Aroostook by the way of his camp—that he found it burnt, and nothing to be seen but his dog, which remained at the spot, very much emaciated. He also stated that he, Cleveland, and Michaels, left Knowlen in his camp during the month of March, and went down to the lumber camps upon the Aroostook, as they had not provision enough for all four.

Knowlen's friends became alarmed, and his son, with three others, started up the river, in order to ascertain the facts, and to learn what had become of him. On arriving at the spot, they found the camp had indeed been burned, and that not a nameable thing was to be found. His faithful dog, however, soon led the way to the banks of the La Pompique, where they found the remains of his master, tied up in his blanket, cut and mangled in a shocking manner, and crushed into a hole. Here it had lain since his death, and here the affectionate animal had stood by it, until taken away by Carr. More faithful than man, it had stood for several long months, and

"The much loved remains of its master defunct, And closed the hill fox and the ravens away." They took up the body and buried it, and nailed the humble monument which we have spoken of, to the tree, on which was carved his name, age, and date of the year, as we found it. By whom he was murdered, is not known; but here, far from his home, and the haunts of men, his body sleeps quietly; the leaves of the forest shading it in summer, and falling upon it in autumn, cover it from fear to year,



View of Sugar-Loaf Mountain from Sebocis River.

still deeper and deeper, while the winds of heaven, as they sigh through the branches, perform a perpetual requiem over his grave. It is needless to say that we were all much affected with the narrative. We arose and pursued our way silently to the river.

MR. DICKERSON'S LECTURES ON PHRENOLOGY AND MESMERISM. We have been very much interested as well as instructed, while listening to a course of lectures, given in our village, (Winthrop), by Mr. Dickerson, recently from Searsport, in this State.

Mr. Dickerson is a young man who enters into the subjects with enthusiasm and much good sense. He is investigating them in a scientific manner, and as branches of science intimately connected with Physiology and the health of our bodies. He has written a small work on Mesmerism which is worth perusing, and which manifests a good deal of research and acumen.

Should he come your way, you will find an hour spent in listening to him not unprofitably employed.

DR. ALCOCK'S LECTURES. It gives us pleasure to inform our readers that Dr. Alcock, who has labored so long, and written so many valuable and interesting works upon Physiology and the science of health, is in town and lecturing on his favorite subject. We wish all could hear him. It might save many from practices in eating, drinking, and other habits which are now leading them into a diseased state, or have already led them there. We understand that he proposes to lecture in Winthrop, Readfield and other villages, while on his visit.

Editorial Scribbings.

BY THE PRINTER'S DEVIL.

SEVERE STORM—GREAT FRESHET.—Our paper went to press too early (Tuesday) last week to contain any particulars of the rain (and its doings) which commenced on Saturday and continued through Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, winding up its career in a thunderstorm that would have done credit to a hot August afternoon. The rain poured down in torrents during most of the time above mentioned, which caused the old Kennebec to rise in its majesty—to "swell up" to a point far higher than it is wont to do—higher than it has been known for many years, with one exception, viz, the *leviathan* freshet of 1832, which "drowned out" many a poor briped. The Kennebec, on such occasions, is a headstrong steed—not easily managed—and in his wild career, cuts up many unkind tricks. There is but one bit that checks him, and that is thrown between his jaws at this place, just above the bridge.

The freshet of last week did considerable mischief at numerous points along the river. At this place, the damage done is not so great as was apprehended. The mammoth Dam thrown across the river here, stood the "racket" like a giant, and came off with a whole skin and a sound carcass, and is now considered proof against "wind and water," and logs and ice to boot. The west extremity of the dam was in a somewhat exposed condition, there being in process of erection a "lock with guard gates and bulk head to take out the water into a canal," but by vigorous efforts all was made secure. The frame work of the new saw mills in process of erection immediately below this end of the dam, was in part floated away, owing to the timbers not being fastened together and properly secured. Those timbers that went down the river were secured at Hallowell, and will soon be (if they were not already) brought back, and the work of erecting the mills be resumed again forthwith. No damage was sustained by the new cotton factory. Several unfinished wharves were much injured—the one nearest the factory almost entirely destroyed. Two or three storehouses on the wharves were raised from their foundations, and floated a short distance. The water did not reach the cellars of our stores on Water street, which are much higher than many of those at Hallowell and Gardiner, where, we learn, considerable injury was done to goods stored in them.

At Anson, the bridge across seven mile stream was carried away. When the driver of the mail stage arrived there, he was under the necessity of leaving his team, and crossing in a canoe. He threw the mail-bag into the boat, and he and the ferryman got in, and started for the opposite side, the latter person drawing the craft along by a rope which had been strung across the stream. They had gone but a few yards, when, from some cause, the boat dipped water, which frightened the ferryman, who instantly let go the rope, plunged into the stream, and swam ashore. The driver was left in the boat without an oar or paddle, and was fast nearing the falls, when he saw the end of a stationary timber, to which he sprang, and held on until another boat came to his rescue. The canoe and the mail went over the falls—to what postoffice the latter has gone we are not prepared to say. No horses were drowned on this occasion, as was reported.

The bridge across the Worramontogus, in Wind-sor, was carried off. Two bridges across Sandy River were destroyed.

The schooner Augusta, Capt. Godfrey, which sailed from Boston on Saturday, was out during the entire storm—lost her deck load—sprung a leak, and the pumps not working very well, the goods in the hold were much injured. Several merchants of this village have consequently sustained losses.

"Done Brown."—Mathews, (poor soul,) of the Blade, is matrimonially "done brown," used up, twisted into knots—cast out upon the troubled sea of conjugal life, apparently without a rudder or a compass, and, we fear, will become a total wreck ere his honey-moon voyage is half consummated. He committed matrimony about three weeks since, and in his last paper comes out with an enthusiastic, highly-concentrated, double-distilled, never-to-be-forgotten article, upon the wretchedness, the misery, the loneliness, the coldness, &c. &c. of double-blessedness. He's perfectly insane, and pops off with a reckless enthusiasm that Wills' Root Beer was never guilty of in its wildest career; and his joyful and felicitous squirmings vie successfully with those of a very different character which the cool experiences when taken out of its cool element and thrown upon the hot sand of terra firma. The mere reading of his glowing descriptions of the heavenliness of wedded life, and the misery of "single-blessedness," almost persuades us to pluck up courage and "go a courtin'"—but on the "second, sober thought," when we consider that these descriptions are but the offspring of an overheated, frustrated, honey-mooned brain of a caged fellow mortal, "heavenly vision" is lost sight of in the twinkling of a pigeon's eye. In his delicious tirade he *libels* bachelors the "worst kind"; but as insane persons are not considered exactly responsible for their evil deeds, we presume he will go "unwhipped of justice." Only hear him:—

"The miseries of single-blessedness are so numerous and so unendurable that we wonder not that so many unmarried men fly to suicide for refuge. A solitary, companionless mortal who has no wife, and despairs of ever getting one, may well be excused for tying a stone to his neck and throwing himself into the nearest river."

Fie, fie, fie! The fact is, you will find appended to nine-tenths of the suicides chronicled in the newspapers of the day, an item of this sort: "Mr. ——— has left a wife and several small children." Or of this stamp: "The cause of this melancholy deed is attributed to family difficulties."

Here is another beautiful item:—

"We find the poor lone bachelor who has no home, or rather no wife, which is the same thing, to be the same wretched, doleful being, and exhibiting the same traits of character, everywhere. From the hour when he rises in the morning till he sinks back again into his chilly bed at night, he strolls about town with a listless yet piteous look, inwardly repining, if not even cursing, at the *objectionable* character of his life, and vainly wandering to the reading-room, the bar-room, or the gambling shop, to find that enjoyment, which, could he sit under his own vine and fig-tree, or, in other words, had he a kind, intelligent and affectionate wife for a companion, he could find without crossing his own threshold."

Who are the visitors of the bar-room and the gambling shop? Look about your own town and the neighboring ones, and then answer. Are not seven-tenths of them married men? They're nothin' else; tho', perhaps, most of them richly merit severe castigation for conducting thus. The other three-tenths are young hot-bloods—not calm and sane bachelors.

Here is the sweetest, most pathetic, soul-stirring, tear-drawing portion of the whole article, which outlines any thing we ever did read:—

"How cheerless and dismal does his desolate room appear when he enters it at night, weary, fretted and melancholy, and finds no tender wife to greet him with her sweet kiss, as she draws his chilly hand into the soft pressure of hers—but beholds a cold hearth, an empty chair, and a lonely pillow that looks like the white urn of every earthly enjoyment!"

Ugh! Oh, luddy! luddy! "No tender wife to greet him with her sweet kiss." "Lasses candy and baker's gingerbread, avant!"

Poor Mathews!—he exhibits strong symptoms of a "gone sucker." Hope he'll survive the "leman-choly" shock he's now laboring under, and get on his legs again ere the end of three months.

A GOOD HIT. The Age, in speaking of the freshet and its doings, has the following, relative to the article in the Hallowell Cultivator on the same subject:

"Our neighbors have inadvertently, no doubt, fallen into some errors relative to the actual state of things at the 'Augusta Dam.' In the first place, there has been no 'Magna' entertained by those interested, for the 'safety of the dam.'"

To this the Cultivator appends the following pretty fair hit:

The fifty men at work on the westerly end of the Dam at the height of the freshet, we suppose were merely carrying out the doctrine that "faith without works, is dead."

As to the truth of there being fifty men at work as above stated, we cannot say, but think it rather a "stretcher"; but that there were some at work, is certain. As to the "hears" of "those interested," "your deponent saithnot."

ON HIS LEGS AGAIN. Joseph Marston, well known in this place as the old bell-ringer, (not one of the Swiss bell-ringers, but the ringer of the "Old South" bell) is on his legs again, as large as life, and quite as natural. He's got a new leg—one of Sawyer's make—which works well. Mr. Eben Sawyer, of this town, as we have said before, manufactures the very best of artificial legs, and sells them at a fair price, much lower than is charged for the Boston made article, which is not a whit superior, if it is equal.

First rate butter is selling here at a shilling a lb.

MURDER OF A NORTHERN MAN IN TEXAS. The Southern papers bring us the intelligence of the deliberate murder of Mr. Charles H. Nelson, son of Samuel Nelson, Esq., of Bangor, Maine. This unfortunate young man resided in Crockett, Houston County, Texas, where he was murdered on the 8th of September, by one Robert T. Gage. The following are the particulars of this sad event, as we find them chronicled in the papers. On the evening of the day above mentioned, Mr. Nelson was called from the circle of his family to a neighboring shop, to aid in the protection of some females from the base and vulgar language of the said Gage, who, it appears was under the influence of strong drink. Finding his efforts to check the drunken man's course entirely fruitless, Mr. N. turned to leave the place, when Gage instantly drew a pistol, and, levelling it, shot him on the spot which resulted in his death in a very short time. The murderer fled immediately, and has not as yet been arrested—at least no intelligence of his arrest has been received. Fifteen hundred dollars has been offered as a reward for his arrest. Mr. Nelson had a wife and two children, and also two brothers living in Texas. The Journal says that he was formerly in the store of Mr. G. W. Shepherd of this village, and that his father was formerly a resident of Hallowell. We understand that while here, Mr. Nelson bore an exemplary character, and the Texas papers speak of him as being a man who commanded universal respect—as one of the best men in the country.

PUFF! PUFF! PUFF! How delicious! Up, up ascends the bluish wreaths of smoke, the solid column being separated by our nasal frontispiece soon after leaving our bread receiver. How odoriferous our little garret! It being a "pent up Utica," snug and tight, without a ventilator, save when the door is swung open, this highly-concentrated, double-refined, beyond-comparison, Havana-No. 1-ish odor is not

"born to blush unseen And waste its sweetness on the desert air!"—but curls above our head in beautiful wreaths, and ascending to the plastering, forms a dense cloud, from which, long after the burning "regalia" shall have laid itself an *ashy-corse* upon the floor, we can draw, and inhale and exhale its trouble-soothing virtues at our pleasure. Puff! puff! Delicious, soothing art thou, ye short-lived thing, that endest thy days in smoke and ashes! But while enjoying thee, let us not forget the generous soul who dropped thee into our Porringer. Thou art labelled "Selden & Co., Water St., Hallowell." Ah! we take. Thou comest from our old friend Selden, than whom, no man on the Kennebec keeps better cigars, better medicines, or better anything else in his line. His "regalia," the same that he has seen fit to drop into our Porringer, are peculiarly delicious, and we advise those who know how to luxuriate on a good cigar—one that will make them roll themselves right straight up into double-and-twisted dough-cakes of pleasurable luxury,—to give Selden a call, who now "ties up" at the old Sam. Adams' stand, in Hallowell. Success to you Henry; and may your *shadow*, as well as your *generosity*, never be less. Puff! puff! puff!

DANCING. The season for "tripping the light fantastic toe" has again returned, and already several merry meetings have been held. Weeks has metamorphosed, and fitted up in good style, the old "Rifle Grey Armory," connected it with his house, and converted it into "leette" the best dancing hall to be found in these parts; and now in view of this Hall as it was and as it is, we may say, in the improved language of King Richard,

Our sternal alarms are changed to merry meetings, Our dreary marches to delightful dances. Grim-visaged TRUTH'S "bushy-brow" his wrinkled front, And now,—instead of marching thro' the streets, He capers nimbly in the dancing chamber. To the luxurious pleasure of a violin!

Assemblies of this genus are now got up on a cheap scale, the whole fees for dancing, supper, &c., not amounting to more than one dollar. A few years ago you could not step inside of a dancing hall without coming out minus a "three spot." "Things ain't now as they used to was."

To-night, (Wednesday), we understand, there is to be an assembly at Weeks',—not a *select* one,—and those who are fond of this pleasant recreation might as well drop in, and stir their blood into healthy activity. Mr. Locke, the gentlemanly teacher of dancing, will lead the orchestra, and also call the cotillions.

"EVERY TUB ON ITS OWN BOTTOM." Yes, we say, "every tub on its own bottom," which being interpreted meaneth, let every man stand on his own merits. If a tub be leaky, it will soon lose its contents; and if a man be evil-disposed, he will soon bankrupt his reputation and run to waste, unless he have a plenty of rhino or friends to plaster over his leaky character. In this free country every man must stand upon his own merits, *except the rich*—they are provided for, and are proof against every accuser, except conscience. The poor must stand on their own merits; and it is best always to have those of a good order. Be honest, industrious, intelligent, kind and humble, and you will feel decidedly richer than all the dishonest, indolent, ignorant, tyrannical millionaires in Christendom put together. "Every tub on its own bottom." If you haven't got a decent reputation it is your own fault, not your father's, and you had better set about it and earn one, and not try to *borrow* it. Borrowed reputations are uncomfortable things, and like the interest on borrowed capital, fret one's *gizzard* amazingly. Like borrowed clothes, they don't set easy, are always chafing, and when you want them most the owners are apt to call for them. A borrowed reputation may appear well in the leaden eyes of the gazing world, but the telescopic eye of your own heart will pierce it through and through at the first glance, and riddle it into shoe-string.

ANOTHER "GRANITE HALL." We have now two "Granite Halls" in this village,—Alden's on Water street, and Moore's on State street; the former a hat and fur store, and the latter a saddle, harness and trunk establishment. The latter is a new affair, put up the present season, and is quite an ornament to our village. It is so good an imitation of granite, that we opine, if bees extracted honey from granite they would very often get "sucked in" by this concern.

ABOUT AN EVEN THING. A census of Bangor has lately been taken by the city authorities, which shows the total population to be 11,690; males, 5,802, and females, 5,888. That's about an even thing, there being only 86 *ids* unprovided for.

Sculpture.

We were much gratified the other day on visiting the atelier of the artists Brackett and King, to find of the present age, *sculpted*, as it were, for succeeding generations. Washington Allston is no more, but the admirable statue of him and to all future ages, and statues, just designed by Brackett will be the immortal service to perpetuate an order for a work which ter of the great painter, in enduring marble. Mr. work; the likeness was perfect, the attitude natural and easy, and the drapery consisting of the simple foldings of an artist's robe gives the true idea of Allston at home and in his studio—that inner sanctum where he so gracefully and powerfully delineated his own beautiful and great imaginings, and where his friends almost thought they saw the fully executed this fine model does not receive an order for its transfer into marble, for some of our large halls or literary associations, we shall be inclined to cry shame on our people. The memory of the first of our American artists should be fully embodied for futurity, and like a fine historical painting, should serve to tell of the genius of an era, and of the honored in a noble art.—[Boston Transcript.]

Mr. Brackett, so well spoken of by the Transcript, is a young man from our own State—a native of Vassalboro'. He pronounced a Poem at the last Commencement at Waterville College, which displayed a peculiar poetical susceptibility. The family of Mr. Allston, value Brackett's bust of the deceased artist, as the most faithful representation of his features now extant.—[Portland Advertiser.]

CONT FEMALE ACADEMY. On Thursday and Friday last, at the close of the last quarter, there was an exhibition of the proficiency made by the Misses under the instruction of the Messrs. Edwards. This school is probably as good as any of the kind in the State, or perhaps in New England. Those parents and others who had the pleasure of attending the exhibition last week were highly gratified at the progress made. The instructors, thoroughly educated men themselves, seem to have succeeded in gaining the good will and exciting the emulation of those they instruct, both of which are indispensable to eminent success. Mr. Jonathan Edwards being engaged elsewhere, will leave the Academy, for the next quarter, under the instruction of his brother, Milton Edwards, who has been his assistant, and whose qualifications are believed to be every way equal to the task he will assume.

The old Bethlehem Church, as new modelled, makes an elegant academy. The principal room, though very spacious and very high, is well warmed by a furnace. Such a room is far better for the health of the inmates, and more favorable for study than the small, low, crowded rooms in which too many schools are kept. [Journal.]

IMPORTANT ARREST OF ABOLITIONISTS. About dark last evening, (24th ult.) a white man, by the name of William Fisk, who says he lives in Lincoln county, Mo., and an old free negro man, called Richmond, who has been living here a long time, were caught by Captain McDonough, just as they were pushing off in a skiff, with a slave, belonging to Mr. Curie, which they were about to convey to Illinois. Two other negroes, supposed to be slaves, were on the shore, evidently waiting to be conveyed across, but on seeing the others arrested, took to their heels and escaped. Captain McDonough has been for some time on their track, and might have arrested them even sooner, but he preferred waiting until they were in a condition when their guilt would be beyond doubt. [St. Louis Republican.]

AN EASY TEMPERED MAN. We were much amused by a story told of a stuttering man not many leagues from Vermont, who unfortunately became possessed of a pair of "breachy" cattle. He offered them for sale, but such was their reputation for tearing down and getting over fences, that nobody wished to buy. At length a stranger came to look at them, and inquiring into their dispositions was told by the owner that they never troubled him in any way. Satisfied with the price, the stranger purchased and paid down for them.

It was not long before he returned and claimed damages. "They tear down my best fences," said he. "I th-th-think it q-q-q-uite likely," replied the seller, coolly. "And I understand they served you in the same way." "We-we-well, I sh-sh-should rather th-th-think they did!" "But," exclaimed the indignant purchaser, "didn't you tell me they never troubled you any?" "To be-sure I did," answered the other; "the f-f-fact is, I never let s-s-such things t-t-trouble me!"

EXPLOSION OF AN EMPTY CASK. As a man was knocking out the bung of an empty vinegar cask, the other day, one of the heads burst out with a tremendous report, and was blown to a distance of nearly one hundred yards. So loud was the noise that many of the citizens in the neighborhood were heard to exclaim, "There goes another powder-mill." Fortunately, nobody was injured. It originated from the cask, which was very large, being charged with gun. [New York Mirror.]

The Salt Petre Question at Length Settled.—The Albany Citizen says that there is a man in that city whose name is Peter Salte. Peter loves rum better than he loves his wife. The poor woman has forever settled the question which has so annoyingly troubled the New Yorkers. She says Peter came home the other night out of all manner of temper, and almost out of his senses too, and "blew her sky high" for not cooking the meat he forgot to send home. So the question is set at rest. *Salte* Peter will explode.

STEAMSHIP BANGOR.—The hull and machinery of the steamship Bangor was sold at auction in this city on Saturday for ten thousand dollars, and the hull and machinery were sold for one thousand dollars—Franklin Adams Esq., was the purchaser. She will probably be immediately built up and put in order for service to ply between this city and Boston. It is quite a satisfaction that she has been purchased by one of our own citizens and will be retained on the route.—[Bangor Whig.]

A VISIT TO THE TOMB.—Mr. James Bickford, husband of the late Maria A. Bickford, who arrived from Bangor on Thursday, visited her tomb, and was accompanied by Mr. John Augustus.

The eldest son of Mrs. Hemans, the sweet poetess, has been appointed engineer of the Irish Great Western Railway.

The Alleghany Methodist Convention lately required that "no minister (or any of its forms except as a medicine, and in that case, satisfactory evidence shall be given."

The steamboat Osceola arrived at Norfolk on Sunday night from Washington, with one hundred and forty-seven colored persons, men, women and children, emigrants for Liberia. These people were liberated by will on two estates in Virginia, and are to be conveyed to their new home in the ship Ronoke, which was to sail on Tuesday.

EASTERN RAILROAD.—All the remaining part of the route of the Eastern Railroad between Salem and Boston has been graded for another track, and the rails will be put down as soon as the iron can be procured; probably early in the spring.

We are highly gratified in being able to announce, letters were yesterday received from Judge Preble, both from London and Montreal, of the most satisfactory character as to the prospects of the Railroad enterprise between this city and Montreal. We announce this news with the more pleasure, because the rumors occasionally started in different places, that the enterprise had failed, or "fallen through," as the expression is.

EX-GOVERNOR PAINE. of Vermont, has sent orders to South America for a number of *Alpacas*, with the view of naturalizing them, if possible, in that State.

Foreign News.

Arrival of the Caledonia.

Eight days later from England.—The Royal Mail Steamer Caledonia arrived at Boston on Monday morning last week. She left Liverpool the 18th inst. and made her passage in 14 1/2 days. She brought 116 passengers to Halifax, landing 8, and took 10, making 118 to Boston.

The American provision trade flourishes. The stock of beef, pork and cheese is light; and the state of things in Ireland will have a tendency not only to improve prices but to lessen competition. The price of corn is rising rapidly. The weather lately has been most wretched, and even at the present moment large patches of uncut grain are exposed to the pelting of the elements in the north of England and Scotland, while the position of matters in Ireland is even worse. Dump corn enhances the value of fine wheat; and those who possess the latter, calculating on a rise, evince no desire to part with it. The market is therefore scantily supplied, and improvement in the price is the result. As to the general yield of the harvest the authorities differ; but it seems undeniable that the wheat crop will be under that of last year, though not to the extent that some alarmists would induce the world to believe.

The accounts of the potato crop in Ireland, are of a nature to excite the most serious apprehensions for the ensuing year. The alarm, we are told, is, some what abated; "still under the most favorable circumstances, and allowing for every exaggeration, there will be a lamentable deficiency of the crop, which will be far under an average one." A correspondent in the County of Kildare says—

"There is no doubt of the failure of the crop, and there is every reason to apprehend a famine in consequence. The direction of most persons appears to be entirely directed to the extent that some alarmists would induce the world to believe. Suppose how far any portion of the crop can be saved. The untainted portion were secured from the destruction which threatens it,—would the vast population of this country be secured from want approaching to famine? I think not."

The Cork Report of the 14th inst. says—
"Accounts continue to reach us of the deplorable state of the crop. The Malady is increasing, and the district which was free yesterday is to day visited with the pestilence. Kerry, which was hitherto safe, is beginning to complain, and our Corkhaven correspondent, who has been informed us that all was right in that district, now assures us that since he last wrote the potato murrain has made its appearance. Things begin to wear an alarming aspect. We think it time for the Government to act."

The accounts from Meath, from the neighborhood of Dublin, from Tyrone, Roscommon, Waterford, Kilkenny and Carlow, Down and Armagh, are all to the same effect. The vegetable pestilence, though not universal, and in some instances happily ascertained to have been exaggerated, is yet known to be spreading, and to be most destructive. The first appearance has often been noticed in the existing season. The cotton market is depressed, the business transacted is limited, prices have a downward tendency, and holders, evidently not at ease about a desire to accept the current rates, and to press their stocks.

The state of trade in the manufacturing districts, does not certainly give an indication of the existing feeling in the cotton market. The yarn market is especially dull.

The dock yards and naval arsenals of England exhibit extraordinary activity at the present moment. In many of the outposts steam frigates of the largest class have been ordered by the Government, to be ready by a fixed period, according to the contracts, and the builders have been bound down in heavy penalties to have them fit for sea at the required time. Oregon is pointed at by certain politicians as the solution of the mystery.

FRANCE.—A disastrous affair has happened in Algeria. That brave and unflinching chief, Abdel-Kader, has achieved another triumph over his French invaders. He surprised and captured another two hundred of them. The poor fellows, it is true, were sick, and could make no resistance; but, coupling this with the previous defeat we recorded in our last, it is a fair way of losing their laurels in these unfortunate encounters with the children of the sun—the sons of the desert.

The Basle Gazette publishes intelligence of the slipping of a mountain in the Grison, on the 7th inst. It occurred in the morning, and carried away an entire forest of young trees. On the 14th another catastrophe of the same nature occurred; immense masses of rock were rolled into the valley, the inhabitants of which fled in the greatest consternation. The damage done is estimated at £400,000.

The town council of Batavia, have voted 100,000 francs for battling an extraordinary rise in the price of provisions during the approaching winter.

The Emperor of Russia is much annoyed at the late affairs in Caucasus. The loss of the Russian army has been much more serious than represented.

DESTRUCTION AMONG THE POTATOES.—During the past week, several arrivals of Potatoes have been recorded—chiefly from Prince Edward Island—most of which, we regret to say, are a total loss. Some of the vessels were a fortnight coming round; and on opening their hatches, the vapor arose from a steam boiler. The potatoes, which were small, and perished. Cart loads of them were taken to the common yesterday, without sorting. We regret to be the announcer of bad tidings to our friends in Charlotte Town. We hope the next news will be of a different character.—[Halifax Post.]

SLAVERY IN OREGON.—P. H. Burnett, Esq., a citizen of Oregon, in a letter which we see in the last Plate (Mo.) Argus, says,—"The Legislature have passed an act declaring slavery shall not exist in Oregon; and the owners of slaves who bring them here are allowed two years to take them out of the country, and in default the slaves are free. The act also prohibits free negroes or mulattoes from settling or remaining in the country, and requires them to leave in two years, and, if they fail to be hired out to the lowest bidder who will bind himself to remove them from the country for the shortest term of service, and within six months after the expiration thereof."

RAILROAD FROM HALIFAX TO QUEBEC.—A project has just been started in Canada for the construction of a railroad between Halifax and Quebec. The extent of the contemplated road is six hundred miles. The estimated cost varies from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000, sterling, or in round numbers, from fifteen millions to twenty-two millions of dollars. It is urged in favor of the project that besides facilitating commercial intercourse, it will have an important effect in adding to the security of the Province as a part of the British empire.

We learn from the Burlington Free Press, that Mr. Miller, the father of the fanatical delusion concerning the end of the world, which has done so much mischief in various sections of the country, has commenced at that place his lectures now, taking the ground now that that end is in 1847. We have been among the many who have heretofore believed him honest, but mistaken; and we agree with the editor of the Bee, that it will be difficult longer to believe, as to convince any one that he is not a knavish speculator upon popular ignorance. [Olive Branch.]

Joshua Lewis, of Alfred, Me., had his pocket book stolen from his coat pocket, while in the Auction room of S. A. Walker, a few days since. The pocket book contained \$250.—[Boston Standard.]

In Mexico, the custom is when a duel is fought, to erect a cross on the spot, and every one that passes by throws a stone at the cross. Some ingenious Yankees have taken advantage of this custom to clear stony land, by erecting crosses where no duel has been fought.

Oliver Haley, Esq., of Frankfort, Me., who some time since reported to be drowned by the upsetting of his boat off Isle au Haut, has returned home safe and sound. It is very rare for a man to come to life after his funeral service had been preached, and his estate administered upon.

SENTENCED TO BE EXECUTED. At Dover, N. H., Andrew Howard is sentenced for execution on the 12th of November, and it is not known that the executive will reprieve him. He murdered an elderly woman for her money.

NOT CAUGHT. Tirrell, the supposed murderer of Mrs. Bickford, has not yet been arrested. The city authorities of Boston have offered a reward of one thousand dollars for his apprehension.

NEW JERSEY ELECTION.—The Whigs have a majority in the Senate and probably in the Assembly. Returns not yet complete. Skyes (dem.) is elected to Congress in the 3d district.

RAILROAD IRON. Horace Gray, and others are about to commence the manufacture of railroad iron in Maine, where they have mines of excellent hematite ore. Our American Railroads are likely to be retarded in their progress towards completion by the high price of railroad iron in England. This will also have the effect to promote the manufacture in this country. We ought not for the future to import a single ton of railroad iron, having the means to manufacture it, as soon as energy can be directed to the object in any quantity; and we should not be surprised if, in a few years, our railroad iron was exported to Europe. It can be done, and can be afforded, we think, in France and Spain, at a less price than English iron now commands.

[Bunker Hill Aurora.]

POST OFFICE AFFAIRS. The postage charged by the city postmaster of Washington, against the different departments of the U. S. Government, for the quarter ending September 30, 1845, amounted to \$47,275.14. Of this \$36,472.79 was debited to the post office department, leaving \$10,802.35, as the charge against all the other departments, bureaux, &c.

The following are the returns from several offices for the quarters ending Sept. 30, 1844 and 1845:

	1844.	1845.	Deficit.
Nashville,	\$2,437	\$1,143	\$1,294
Cleveland,	2,395	1,561	834
Chicago,	778	870	402
Augusta,	1,929	887	1,042
Raleigh,	722	100	622
	\$8,261	\$4,061	\$4,200

Returns have been received for the quarter ending the 30th of September, 1845, from 143 of the smaller offices, which yield a revenue for that quarter of \$9,975. The same offices yielded for the quarter ending the 30th September, 1844, \$5,563, being a loss of \$1,888.

[N. Y. Com. Adv.]

STEAMBOAT COLLISION.—TWENTY LIVES LOST. The steamboat Plymouth, bound to St. Louis, with a large number of passengers, was run into by the Lady Madison, near Shawneetown, on the night of the 27th ult., which caused the Plymouth to sink immediately to her boiler deck. None of the cabin, but 20 deck passengers were drowned. A hole was immediately cut through the cabin floor, and several passengers, who had managed to keep out of the water by getting on boxes, &c., were thus rescued. The boat, it is said, will be a total loss. Her machinery will probably be saved. It is also said that a passenger on the Mail, who was insane, jumped overboard and was drowned.

[Louisville Jour.]

RECEPTION OF THE POTAWATOMIE BY THE PRESIDENT. On Thursday, the Potawatamie Indians visited the President, accompanied by their agent, Col. R. S. Elliott, for the purpose of paying their respects to him as the head of the government. Half Day, the Potawatamie orator, expressed to the President the gratification which they all felt on seeing and shaking hands with their great Father. The President replied that he was pleased to see them; that some of them were old men, who had come a long distance to attend to what they considered matters of importance, and that they should be patiently heard, and full justice done to them. The government, he said, desired to preserve relations of friendship and peace with all the Indian tribes.

[National Intelligencer.]

NEW YORK ELECTION.—In the city of New York the Democrats chose a Senator and Assembly men, by a plurality of 5000 over the Whig candidates. The Tribune estimates the Democratic vote at 16,500, the Whig vote at 11,500, and that of the Native at 9000. The Whigs and Natives combined, throw about 3,500 votes more than the Democrats.

The returns from the state are not sufficiently clear to indicate correctly the result. The Anti-Slavery men have polled a large vote in the major districts. They selected generally for their Assembly tickets two Democrats and a Whig, and run them in. The general result of the election is doubtless a Democratic majority in both branches of the Legislature.

NONDESCRIPT FISH.—We saw yesterday, says the Philadelphia North American, on the deck of the schooner Amphibious, at R. H. Walcott's wharf, a curious fish to which some of the oldest seafaring men who have seen it are unable to assign a name. It is 2 feet 2 inches long, and 4 feet broad, having a large fin on its back and a corresponding one underneath. It was taken by the Amphibious last Saturday, off Great Egg Harbor, and the story of its capture is this: It was seen swimming on the surface of the water towards the vessel, and from its fin was thought by the crew to be a shark. The captain discharged his gun at the monster, which caused it to turn over, and the sailors going after it in the boat, succeeded in bringing it on deck, where it floundered about a long time before it died. The fish has teeth somewhat like those of a shark, and strong enough to grind to pieces a large pine stick that was put into its mouth. Numbers of persons have visited the schooner to witness the marine nondescript.

FIRE. On Sunday morning at half-past three o'clock, a fire broke out in the extensive tannery establishment of the Messrs. Southwick, in Danvers, which for a time threatened most serious destruction; but the damage sustained was small in proportion to the property endangered. The fire was occasioned by friction in some part of the steam machinery. The engine was taken to pieces and removed. The up-stories of the buildings, or a large building with wings, were consumed, but the stock, with the exception of that in the drying-shed, was not injured. The loss on stock, buildings and machinery is probably from \$6000 to \$8000, which was fully covered by insurance at Worcester.

[Salem Register.]

GREAT FIRE AT WILMINGTON, N. C.—A slip from the Wilmington, (N. C.) Journal states that a destructive fire broke out in that city on the morning of the 4th inst., which destroyed about fifty buildings in the business part of the city. Loss estimated at \$175,000. The fire occurred in the square bounded by Market, Front, Dock, and Water-st. Two men attempting to save some goods from the flames, at the store of Barry and Bryant, on the wharf, were borne to the earth by the fall of a brick wall. Col. McRae had his leg broken and his head and his shoulders much bruised.

DEATH OF SAMUEL HARRISON SMITH, ESQ., OF WASHINGTON. The Washington papers announce the decease, on the morning of the 1st, of this venerable citizen, in the 74th year of his age. Mr. Smith was the founder, and during many years the sole editor, of the National Intelligencer; an intimate and confidential friend of Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and his associates.

A WINDFALL TO A BEAUTY. A young lady who has formerly resided in New Richmond, Ohio, since early childhood, has just received intelligence that one of her names, in England, has deceased, and left her £40,000, about one hundred and ninety thousand dollars. She has sailed for England to take possession, having left her heart in charge of a young clerk in Cincinnati.

SHAMEFUL INDIFFERENCE. A little boy fell into the Canal at Lowell on Tuesday, and was drowned, though he might have been saved. He clung to a log for a little while, and was seen there by several men, but no notice was taken of his peril. Those about him, and the little fellow finally lay to his hold, and sunk beneath the water! A most cold blooded neglect.

YOUNG KENDALL.—A Washington correspondent of the Charleston News says—"It is feared that Elliott, who killed young Kendall, will become insane. I am told that he rises from his bed in the night, and paces his cell in the greatest agony. His trial will shortly come on."

A drunken frolic took place at a grocery near Three River, Mass., on Sunday evening last, in which three men named Sherman, Handy and Pierce, were engaged, and which ended in the two last named beating Sherman to death.

FATAL COLLISION.—A collision took place on the Patuxent on Tuesday, between steamer Columbus and an oyster schooner. There were but two persons on board the schooner, the captain and one man, and both were below at the time.—The man was killed, and the captain had both his hands very badly injured.

ATTEMPT TO ROB. An attempt was made last week to rob Ex-Postmaster General Wickliffe, near Bardonia, Ky. As he crossed the North fork of Cox's Creek, three men stepped into the road and endeavored to stop the horse. Mr. Wickliffe laid whip to his horse, and broke past them, whereupon the rascals gathered up some stones, and pelted the buggy most unmercifully.

Boston Flour and Grain Market Nov. 8.
Flour.—Genesee, common brands, close at \$5.75; 50 lbs., and fancy brands, \$6. Fredericksburg, new, \$5.63; Georgetown, new, \$5.61.
The receipts are light, and prices of corn are about the same. Sales of good Southern yellow dot corn, 68 @ 70c.—the latter price; white 66c. Southern oats, 44c. @ 47c. 1/2 bushel, cash.
WOOL.—
American Full blood - 33 @ 40
- 35 @ 40
- 31 @ 40
- 28 @ 40
Prime Saxony Fleeces, washed, 1/2 lb. - 38 @ 41
Smyrna, washed - 20 @ 22
unwashed - 10 @ 14
Buenos Ayres - 10 @ 10
Pulled wool, Northern superfine Lambs - 33 @ 38
No. 1, Lambs - 30 @ 32
No. 2, - 23 @ 25
No. 3, - 14 @ 17

Brighton Market Nov. 8.
At Market 3500 Beef Cattle, 1450 Steers, 3000 Sheep and 1475 Swine.
Prices.—Beef Cattle.—The prices of last week were not obtained. We quote extra \$4.50; first quality \$4; second 3 7/8 @ \$4; third 2 7/8 @ \$3.75.
Steers.—Two year old \$7 @ \$13; three year old \$10 @ \$24.
Sheep.—Sales of small lots from \$1 17 to 1.88.
Swine.—Shotts to peddle, 3 and 3 1/2 for Sows, and 4 and 4 1/2 for Barrows; old Hogs \$4 and 4c. At retail from \$3 1/2 to 5c.

THE Great English Remedy for colds, coughs, asthma and consumption in the most hopeless cases, is the Hungarian Balm of Life, discovered by Dr. Buchan, of London. This is the most perfect and infallible medicine of the kind ever discovered. The Balm of Life is a noble discovery of Medical science, and we rejoice that it has at length been brought before the American public. Pamphlets respecting this Great English Remedy may be had gratis of J. E. LADD, and S. S. BROOKS, sole agents in Augusta.

Notice.
Such as expect to teach school in this town the ensuing winter, are requested to meet the Superintendent School Committee at the house of the subscriber, on Monday the 24th inst., at 2 o'clock P. M., to be examined and receive certificates required by law. D. THURSTON, per order.
Winthrop, Nov. 7, 1845.

Hymenical.
Till Hymen brought his love-dove's holy hour,
There dwell no joy in Eden's rose bow!
The world was sad—the garden was a wild;
And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman smiled!

In this town, Thomas Little, Esq., to Miss Elizabeth L. Springer.
In Hallowell, by the Rev. Mr. Drew, Capt. Frederic A. Senter, master of fort Porto Rico, to Miss Jane H. Barter.
In Hallowell, Mr. Thomas R. Whitney to Miss Emeline H. Wyman, both of Sidney.
In this town, Mr. Nathaniel H. Lowell of Windham, to Miss Mary P. Allen, of Hallowell.
In East Winthrop, Mr. Theodore S. Trevel of Bath, to Miss Ann Richards of W. Mr. T. D. Goodwin of Pittston, to Miss Louisa J. Jewell of W.
In Gardiner, Mr. George W. French of Hallowell, to Miss Mary M. Clark.
In Thomaston, Mr. Daniel Paine to Miss Elizabeth Redland.
In Thomaston, Mr. David K. Keith to Miss Mary P. Barner.
In Montville, Mr. Ebenezer Foster to Miss Mary Jane Sprawl.
In Thomaston, Mr. George G. Mitchell to Mrs. Abigail E. Miller.

Obituary.
Spirit! thy labor is o'er,
Thy term of probation is run,
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,
And the race of immortals begun.

In this town, of consumption, 3d inst., Harriet A. E. wife of Franklin A. Hewins, and daughter of the late Dr. Joel R. Ellis, aged 22 years.
In Farmington, Mrs. Zipporah, wife of Uriel Weeks, aged 64.
In Biddeford, Mrs. Elizabeth Emery, 53; child of Horace Wood, 2 years.
In York, Major Elsie Elmer, a revolutionary pensioner, aged 84.
In York, Miss Maria Williams, daughter of Mr. George Williams, aged 13. Mrs. Sally Ann, wife of Mr. Joseph Grant, aged 22.
In Bath, Mr. John D. Parks, aged 72; Mrs. Hannah L. Mitchell, 26.
In Phippsburg, Mrs. Eleanor Lee, aged 76.
In Portland, Henry M. Samuel, aged 19; Mrs. Nabby Baker, aged 19.
In Woodstock, Vt., Solomon Miel, aged 50, formerly of Kennebec.
In Vassalboro', John Dutton, aged 72, after an illness of four days.

Watches, Jewelry, &c.
B. & M. M. SWAN have just opened a small and elegant WATCH, JEWELRY, and SILVER WARE, consisting of Gold and Silver Lever, Lepine and Verge Watches, of the very best quality; fine Gold and Stone Brooches and Finger Rings; Gold Pencils and Pens, &c.; Gold Bracelets and Chains; Lockets, Nose and Drop Rings, Beads, Guards, Rings and Chains, &c.; Silver Spoons, Spectacles, Butter Knives, Pencils, Thimbles, &c.; Fine Cutlery, Brushes, Wallets, Perfumery, Soaps, Extracts, Toys, &c. &c. &c. Watches, Clocks and Jewels, faithfully repaired, and warranted.
Augusta, Nov. 13, 1845.

He is the True Philanthropist.
WHO seeks to alleviate and relieve human suffering, whether the disease be physical or moral; and if any one in community is deserving of gratitude, it is he.—You may show your good feelings to such an one, as also your self respect and love of health—whose surely are valuable possessions—by lending and diffusing the knowledge of and using JONES' DROPS FOR HUMORS, one of the best medicines that has ever been discovered for the cure of all eruptive diseases, and successful beyond a parallel, in the cure of Salt Rheum, Scrofula, St. Anthony's Fire or Erysipelas, Leprosy or White Scurf, Tetter or Ringworm, Pruritis, Itch, and all humors, internal or external. This medicine is recommended with perfect confidence for such affections, if only timely, patiently and perseveringly used. It is not a quick medicine, nor is it in any degree a humbug; but truly a remedy to be desired by all who are afflicted with the above named diseases. It is a cure as certain as any curative in the hands of man. Will you not then, friends, who are suffering, avail yourselves of this remedy, and also benefit the proprietor, by using the means so plainly placed in your way!
For sale by J. E. LADD, and Horace Waters, Augusta; H. J. SELDEN & CO., Hallowell; H. Smith & Co. Gardiner; William Dyer, Waterville; O. W. Washburn, China; A. H. Abbott, South China; and by many other agents in various towns in this and the adjoining States.
Augusta, Nov. 13, 1845.

Money Found!
DROPPED up in the road between Winthrop and Leeds, a small sum of money. The owner who has it, is applying to the subscriber, proving property and paying charges. ISAAC RICHARDS.
East Monmouth, Nov. 10, 1845.

To the Ladies!
THE subscribers have just received a few thousand of T. W. Crowley & Son's patent drilled oval eyed needles, an extra article. Also a prime assortment of scissors, shears, thimbles, knitting pins, plated tea and table spoons, razors and britainia candle sticks, brass fire tongs, and a large variety of other useful articles, and a full supply of house furnishing wares. L. P. MEAD & CO.
Augusta, November, 1845.

200 BOXES VERMONT GLASS, very strong, well packed, and warranted not to fade, for sale low. The subscribers are sole agents for the sale of the Vermont Glass, and shall be constantly supplied with all sizes and qualities usually wanted. Those about purchasing Glass, will do well to call and examine our stock. LEWIS F. MEAD & CO.
Augusta, November, 1845.

White Lead and Oil.
JUST received a large and fresh supply of White Lead and Linseed Oil, warranted first quality, and will be sold very low by H. J. SELDEN & CO.
Hallowell, Nov. 1st, 1845.

Cigars.
A LARGE SUPPLY of those extra Round and Flat Regalias, just received by SELDEN & CO.
Hallowell, Nov. 8, 1845.

Boys, now in your way to buy 100 pairs of SKATES, at 40 cents each, by LEWIS F. MEAD & CO.

Stewart's Patent Summer and Winter Air-Tight Cooking Stoves.
PERSONS who are in want of a first rate Cooking Stove, will do well to call at No. 8, Arch Row, 1st door North of the Augusta Banks, and examine the above named Stoves, which for *durability, cheapness, and convenience*, are not equalled by any other kind of Cooking Stove whatever. As several attempts have been made by stove manufacturers, to get up stoves somewhat resembling these, it is mentioned at the head of this advertisement. The fact is, there has been no alteration made whatever as to the principle or model of the genuine P. P. Stewart's Air-Tight Cooking Stove, since the first stove of the kind has been offered for sale in this market. The object of the subscriber in making these remarks, is not for the purpose of attributing any blame whatever to our neighbors, Mead & Co. for advertising a stove of a similar name, nor to induce any comparison as to the relative merits of the above named stove, but simply to let the people understand the facts in the case; and he will rest satisfied to have the public settle the question as to which of the stoves is the best. And in order to satisfy persons who are unacquainted with his stove, he would refer them to the following certificate, and the names annexed.
Augusta, Aug. 22, 1844.

Mr. HOLCOMB.—You request my opinion respecting Stewart's Patent Cooking Stove. I have used one of them for several years, and as it respects economy of fuel, amount of work it is capable of performing, and the ease with which the work is done. The quantity of fuel necessary for its varied operations of boiling, baking, roasting and warming, is hardly half that required by any other stove that I have tried. For use only to use them a short time and become acquainted with their operation, to give them a decided preference over any other kind of Cooking Stove whatever. The Stove is simple and easy to use, and being made of the very best materials, is not liable, when properly used, to get out of repair, like other Stoves. E. FENNO.
We, the undersigned, do most cordially concur in the above advice expressed, after giving Stewart's Stove a fair trial.

D. C. Stanwood, Augusta, C. Briggs, Augusta.
E. Smith, " Luther Severance, " "
Daniel Pike, " Lot Myrick, " "
W. Vandenberg, " John H. Eveleth, " "
J. P. Dillingham, " David Bronson, " "
David Bronson, " William White, Vassalboro', " "
J. H. Clapp, " Wm. Webber, " "
Sarah W. Kidder, " Benj. W. Goddard, " "
R. B. Carpenter, " W. G. Wells, " "
D. T. Pike, " J. E. Wings, " "
Lewis D. Moore, " F. Wyman, " "
Samuel L. Harris, " J. Newell, Whitefield, " "
J. F. Childs, " M. Bailey, Winthrop, " "
R. B. Carpenter, " A. G. Longfellow, " "
Francis Davis, " Asa W. Ward, Sidney, " "
D. H. Bailey, " John Hunter, " "
William Bridge, " John Hunter, " "
H. W. Little, " Alex. H. Hatch, China, " "
Asaph R. Nichols, " Corydon Chadwick, " "
Samuel Snow, " Enoch Marshall, Gardiner, " "
Moses Safford, Jr., " John H. Cram, " "
H. W. Little, " Samuel Jenkins, Temple, " "
Jonathan Hedge, " Orin Haskell, " "
Albert Lawson, " John Randall, Freedom, " "
H. H. Hill, " "

The subscriber would take the liberty of referring to the following named persons, who have used the Stewart Cooking Stove, viz:

Rev B Tappan, Augusta, Sam'l Adams, Hallowell.
Rev D Starrett, " G W Perkins, Esq., " "
Rev J Little, Esq., " A W Morrill, " "
Jona Pierce, " Isaac Sawyer, " "
William Dyer, " Rev E Thorrill, " "
John Martin, " Winslow Hawkes, " "
Ben P Johnson, " Jesse Mearns, Vassalboro', " "
Isaac Bailey, " Bowman, Esq., " "
Henry Winslow, " Sam'l Calder, " "
Miss Eleanor Ross, " J R Black, " "
B A G Fuller, Esq., " S G Robinson, " "
Homer May, " J. H. Black, " "
R D Rice, Esq., " Beriah Welch, " "
J T McCobb, Esq., " Wm White, " "
Wid. J. Stanwood, " Wm Webber, " "
R. A. Parker, " B W Woodard, " "
John H Norcross, " Wm Weeks, " "
Wm R Smith, Esq., " E G Wyman, " "
J D Emery, Esq., " Capt T G Jewett, Gardiner, " "
Rev J. Partridge, " L M Morrill, Esq., Redfield, " "
Rueben Partridge, " Isaac Stuckey, " "
Horace Waters, " J G & G Mosher, " "
William Thomas, " J G Whitney, " "
Eliza Grant, " J W Allen, " "
Samuel Childs, " Wm Bailey, Winthrop, " "
John H. Smith, " G A Longfellow, " "
J H Smith, " C M Bailey, " "
J F Phiney, " Hiram Foster, " "
A. A. Parker, " Joseph Briggs, " "
Daniel Locke, " Dr Mosher, Sidney, " "
J W Patterson, Esq., " J Appleton, " "
B F Chandler, Esq., " F Woodcock, " "
B F Moore, " J H Ham, " "
Loring Clabing, Esq., " Wm Lovejoy, " "
Edw A Nason, " Joseph Newell, Whitefield, " "
Frederic Pihon, " Joseph Marston, Fayette, " "
Stephen Temple, " Cram, " "
Abner Fogg, " Capt E Jewett, Pittsford, " "
E D Norcross, " John A Bass, Wilton, " "
Benj Craig, " Sam'l B Morse, " "
Josiah Craig, " J S Abbott, Norridgewock, " "
Wm Perkins, Hallowell, N. Bicknell, Hartford, " "
For sale as above, a respectable assortment of other Stoves, together with HARD WARE GOODS, Britannia and other wares, of good quality, and at fair prices.

3d-SHEET IRON and TIN WORK kept constantly on hand, and manufactured to order at short notice.
JONAS G. HOLCOMB.
Augusta, October 28, 1845.

H. J. SELDEN & CO.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Manufacturers'
Articles, Dye-stuffs, Chemicals, Perfumery,
Window Glass, &c., (Hallowell, Me.)

Lancey & Shattuck,
Dealers in English, French, German and American Dry Goods,
No. 2, Bridge's Block, Water-st. opposite the bridge, Augusta.

Hardware, Iron, Steel, &c.
THE subscribers are now receiving, from the latest importations, their full stock of Hardware, Iron, Steel, Vices, Anvils, Horse Nails and Shoes, &c., and offer for sale a large stock of all kinds of Goods kept in a Hardware and Store Store.
LEWIS F. MEAD & CO.
Augusta, Nov. 10, 1845.

Medicines, Drugs, &c.
JUST received by H. J. SELDEN & CO., at the old stand of Samuel Adams, a large and well selected assortment of Medicines, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Brushes of every description, Dyestuffs, and all the latest British, Patent, and Foreign Oils. GROCERIES of every kind, &c., for sale very low for cash.
Hallowell, Nov. 1st, 1845.

200 CASKS Boston, and Weymouth Iron Co. COT NAILS, all sizes, from 3 fine to 7 inch spikes, just received and for sale by LEWIS F. MEAD & CO.
Nov. 1845.

PREPARE FOR A SLEIGH RIDE.—75 Strings Skigh Bells, for sale by L. P. MEAD & CO.

Arrival of the Steamship!
JUST RECEIVED AT
LANCNEY & SHATTUCK'S
500 SPLENDID SHAWLS, selling from 25 cts. to 60 cts.
50 pieces black, drab, blue and ombre Alpacaes, selling off at great bargains, some as low as 25 per yard, very fine.
2000 yards prints of the latest styles, selling from 6 1/2 to 20 cents per yard.
500 yards Plaid Cloaking of all kinds and qualities, decidedly the best assortment in town.
Flannels, Cloths, Cassimeres, Sateen, Tweeds, Dressing, Vests, Hosiery, Sherry, Shirts, and all the latest goods, and at low prices. Those about purchasing are invited to examine this glass before purchasing, as the above will be sold at the lowest rates.
H. W. FAIRBANKS,
No. 4, Phoenix Building, Water street.
Augusta, October 16, 1845.

Steamboat Mail.
LETTERS for Boston will be taken on Mondays and Thursdays, up to one o'clock, at E. FENNO'S. Orders thus sent will reach Boston in season for a return by the return boat. By regular course of mail this cannot be effected. Postage 12 1/2 cents, prepaid.
CARPENTER & CO.
Augusta, Sept. 27, 1845.

DR. CORNELL'S PAIN EXTRACTOR, warranted to cure in any case, sold at half price, 25 cents per box, by DILLINGHAM & BICKNELL, Agents, No. 3, Market Square.
Augusta, Nov. 1.

Fish Oil.
BANK AND SHORE OIL, for Carriers, constantly for sale by DILLINGHAM & BICKNELL, Agents, No. 3, Market Square.
Augusta, Nov. 1.

Sperm Candles. A few boxes of nice sperm candles, for sale by DILLINGHAM & BICKNELL.

NEW AND SEASONABLE GOODS.

JOHNSON LUNT,
HAS JUST RECEIVED, in addition to his former Large Stock, the most complete and extensive assortment of DRY GOODS ever brought to this place, consisting of Heavy Milled Goods for Overcoats, Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Sateen, Tweeds, Vestings, &c. &c. of the latest styles.

LADIES DRESS GOODS.
Such as Rep. and Cordice Cassimeres; Cashmere de-Corse; Warp Alpacaes; Alpacaes, &c. &c., as good an assortment as can be found in the place.

SHAWLS.
Rich Cashmere Thibet, Broche Delhi; a large assortment of Heavy Plaid and Nett Shawls, very cheap.

PRINTS! PRINTS!!
An extensive assortment, ranging from 6 1/2 to 25 cents, some of which are

The Muse.

Lament of the Inebriate.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

I'm thinking of you, Mary,
Thy bright and trusting smile,
In the morning of our youth and love,
Ere sorrow came or guile—
When those arms were twined about my neck,
And mine eyes looked into thine,
And the heart that throbb'd for me alone
Was beating close to mine!

I see full many a smile, Mary,
On young lips beaming bright,
And many an eye of light and love
Is flashing in my sight;
But the smile is not my poor heart,
And the eye is strange to me,
And the loneliness comes o'er my soul
When its memory turns to thee!

I'm thinking of the night, Mary,
The night of grief and shame,
When with drunken ravings on my lips
To thee I homeward came;
O the tear was in thy earnest eye,
And thy bosom wildly heaved;
Yet a smile of love was on thy cheek,
Though the heart was sorely grieved!

But the smile soon left thy lips, Mary,
And thine eye grew dim and sad,
For the tempter led my steps from thee,
And the wine cup drove me mad;
From thy cheeks the roses quickly fled,
Yet thy ringing laugh was gone,
Yet thy heart still fondly clung to me,
And still kept trying on.

O, my words were harsh to thee, Mary,
For the wine cup made me wild—
And I said that when thine eyes were sad,
And I cared that when they smiled;
God knows I loved thee even then,
But the fire was in my brain,
And the curse of drink was in my heart
To make me love a hane.

'Twas a pleasant home of ours, Mary,
In the spring time of our life,
When I looked upon thy sunny face,
And I smiled and said, "My love,
And I was pleasant when our children played
Before our cottage door—
But the children sleep with thee, Mary,
I ne'er shall see them more!

Thou'rt resting in the churchyard now,
And no stone is at thy head,
But the sexton knows a drunkard's wife
Sleeps in that lowly bed;
And he says the land of God, Mary,
Will fall with crushing weight
On the wretch who brought thy gentle life
To its untimely end.

But he knows not of the broken heart,
I bear within my breast,
Or the heavy load of vain remorse
That will not let me rest;
He knows not of the sleepless nights,
When, dreaming of thy love,
I seem to see thee angelic,
Look lovely from above.

I have raised the wine cup in my hand,
And the wildest strains I've sung,
Till with the laugh of drunken mirth
The echoing air has rung;
But a pale and sorrowful face looked out
From the glittering cup on me,
A trembling whisper I could hear
And fancied 'twas from thee!

Thou art slumbering in the peaceful grave,
Thy sleep is dreamless now,
But the seal of an angel's kiss
Is on thy mourner's brow;
And my heart is still as thine, Mary,
For the joy of life have fled,
And I long to lay my aching breast
With the cold and silent dead!

The Story Teller.

[From the Dollar Newspaper.]

THE COUSINS;
OR, GLIMSES OF WOMAN'S LIFE.

BY JANE TAYLOR WORTHINGTON.

CHAPTER I.

It was a sunny and beautiful afternoon in the latter part of August—that month which sees the climax of summer frivolity and fashion. The town of Newport, well known as one of our most frequented watering places, had never been gay; and a dazzling array of beauty and youth, and the wealth that renders both fairer, was collected there from all portions of our land. It would be a curious thing to trace the progress of the friendships and other ties formed accidentally, and from the chance of "blind contact," at these summer resorts. Persons meet there who had hitherto been strangers even to each other's names, and their intercourse seems to acquire more than usual warmth and cordiality, as if an uncommon degree of fervor were necessary where the meeting had been so sudden, and the parting must be so soon.

Never had the glorious old Ocean looked grander in its majestic repose, than it did when glowing in the crimson light of the declining sun on that clear, still evening. Many a small step had left its impress on the smooth, white sand of the beach, and many an eye had turned its admiring gaze from nature's material beauty, to read in some fair face a yet lovelier and sweeter truth. There were two persons, a lady and gentleman, who lingered longer than any others on the sea shore, and who now slowly, and with half-reluctant gait, returned towards the town.

They were an instance of that sudden interest of which we have spoken—that vivid sympathy which, rejecting the cold thralldom of formality, crowds a long life into one hour, making this dim world a holier and more radiant dwelling than it ever can seem to the dreamers again. A few weeks before they had been perfect strangers, the past had nothing between them in common, but both now felt they had altered the future for each other. Ah! we have need to be thankful that such episodes of world-defying beauty come to us all, that, from the stately mansion to the lowly hovel, all realize and revel in one brief, but most impassioned vision, that not a human heart lives its restless life out without being blessed by that glimpse of heaven which shines upon us in our earliest love!

The lady was young, with the bright bloom and frequent smile, which are the portion of dawning womanhood; after twenty-five the cheek grows paler, and the smile rarer. She was not beautiful, though her large, proud eyes, with their singular variability of expression, attracted attention and admiration. Her form and carriage were remarkably graceful, and her dress, though entirely *a la mode*, had yet the picturesque individuality, only bestowed on costume by those who prefer taste to the extreme of fashion, and who presume to judge for themselves even in trifles. It would have puzzled the gazer to tell why Mildred Leigh was not lovely; but there was an air of haughty willfulness, and a sort of undetected scornfulness on her face, that detracted from the agreeableness of a countenance, displaying more stability of character than is usually visible in girlhood. At times, however, and the present was one of those moments, her lip lost its mockery, her brow its pride, and the mysterious eloquence of those bewitching eyes revealed more than a thousand words could utter. Her companion was a handsome youth, not much older than herself, and wear-

ing a midshipman's uniform. I need not here record the earnest conversation which made the distance to town seem so short; for in lovers' dialogues silence sometimes expresses far more than speech, and I must, therefore, solicit the gracious reader to recall some evening stroll, under nearly similar circumstances, from his own experience, and all the lovers uttered he will read in enduring characters upon his own memory.

Mildred Leigh was the only child of wealthy parents, and had accompanied a party of gay friends to spend the warm months at Newport. She was the household divinity of her luxurious city home—all that unlimited indulgence could give of happiness had been hers from infancy—and the purple light of her youth had never known the touch of one actual grief. But Mildred's disposition was not naturally a contented one; her mind was rebellious, and there were periods when no enjoyment could satisfy her. She required the constant presence of novelty and excitement. Young as she was, the deteriorating influence of frivolous pursuits, and the fashionable folly, misnamed education, had already marred the harmony of a nature which, rightly directed, might have been capable of noble things. She had never been taught the moral sublimity of lofty principle; she was a being of impulse and caprice; all her fine energy of character had run to waste, and she was consistent only in her inconsistencies.

Her mother was a weak, petulant woman of the world, comprehending no responsibilities beyond those imposed by the artificial despotism of society, and blending some kindness of feeling with great deficiency of judgment. She loved Mildred with blind and thoughtless devotion, displaying itself in a multitude of petty reproaches and annoyances, which the young lady did not bear with over-graciously. Her father, a common-place man of business, a hoarder of wealth for wealth's sake, and yet withal "an honorable man," contented himself with heaping around his child all the materials for happiness, and enjoyed a fond, yet selfish vanity in contemplating the brilliant position of the only being he really loved. It would have been strange if, in a station where temptations were so many and so alluring, a nature still unformed had escaped wholly unprofaned; for such prosperity is a dangerous ordeal, and was in every respect calculated to foster the pride, self-confidence and capriciousness which were the young heiress' besetting sins.

It was with many a troubled and conflicting thought that Mildred sat idly gazing from the window of her room, after that stroll by the sea side. With the burning words of enraptured love yet ringing her harmonies on her ear, with the sincere and impassioned flattery of young manhood still echoing within her heart, her imagination blended the calm, cold tones of paternal rebuke, and her mother's more heedless and harassing remonstrances. She well knew that, however deserving her lover might be, her parents would never consent to her marrying one without fortune, and it was in vain she urged to herself her own control over her destiny and her right to direct its course.

Though still pure in her affections—for they long withstood the contagion of the world—Mildred felt she could not love warmly enough to resign for love's sake the indispensable comforts and elegancies of her home. She was selfish inevitably, unconsciously, and yet she loved as she had never done before, and never might again.

With expressions of fervent admiration, protestations of enduring devotion, and all the eager eloquence which lies so lightly upon loving lips, Ernest Grey had revealed his passionate adoration. Mildred had listened silently, though kindly; she had spoken no assurance, but the pleader did not feel discouraged. They were soon to be separated—Mildred to return to her parents, and Ernest to join his ship, which was about departing for a three years' cruise. Again and again, in irresolution and perplexity, she thought over the occurrences of the last brief weeks—those days so few and fair, which were to color all her after life. Still undetermined, restless, and self-tormented, several days passed, and found her too wavering to act openly and candidly entreat her parents' approval, yet still unwilling to banish the bewitching romance around her, and to break the spell that for the first time was enchanting and binding her being.

With the kind consideration which all the world seems to feel for lovers—and which, by the way, is a redeeming trait in human nature that should cover a multitude of sins—the many candidates for the young heiress' smiles instinctively yielded their pretensions in Ernest's favor, and another sunset found the lady and her sailor rumbling together along the bold, rocky cliffs, which have heard many a tale of tenderness. It was a rash experiment to hazard the repetition of impetuous vows and hopeful expectations, if the listener was yet undecided, and hurried away by the enthusiasm to which she harkened, Mildred replied by confessions and promises, that would be themselves in burning words, and in the troubled, heart-sick years of her later life, brought many a pang of contrast and regret to a memory that would not be unfaithful. Little did the warm, true heart beating beside her merit the dark lot of indifference and deception before it; and little did Ernest imagine that the moments of intercourse he now held so unutterably precious would make the repentance and the mournfulness of both their destinies.

"You will write to me while I am away, will you not, Mildred?" and then, as she hesitated, recalled to the embarrassments of her position by the request, Ernest continued: "You cannot—you must not refuse. Think of the happiness your letters will give one who has none but you to love him, who, through the years of separation, will have no hope unshared by you—no blessing so great as your remembrance. Your kind words this evening have made the future so bright before you, you must not darken it by a refusal—surely, Mildred, you will write to me?"

One moment of doubt, and then summoning all her resolution, Mildred related her perplexities, her certainty that her friends would object to this engagement, and her unwillingness to enter into a correspondence.

"I can but submit to your decree," said Ernest, sadly, as for the first time a suspicion of the speaker's affection fitted over him, and was instantly indignantly rejected; "but at least you will read my letters—you will allow me to pour forth to you my thoughts and feelings, for you are a part of them all; and when you trace the truth, the constancy of my attachment, you will recall in kindness one

whom you have taught how much life may be blessed?"

Daylight had faded, and gone down in one of those regally beautiful sunsets which are peculiar to Newport, and that give to Narragansett Bay a glow of loveliness no storied lake under Southern skies can surpass. The short twilight had gone, and from the bosom of the sleeping ocean rose up the round moon on its heavenward path. "Full many a time and oft" have I, who now trace these lines, gazed on that scene of excellent beauty, and hymned to rapture by the perpetual music of the sea, have lost in loving contemplation of that material harmony the heavy sense of mental pain. Never since has a view so dream-inspiring risen on mine eyes, and tho' I write the grand and solemn mountains are before me in giant majesty against the summer sky, my soul wears of their silence, and pines for that eternal chaunt of waves, that lovelier world of blended land and sea, no words of mine can paint!

Still the lovers lingered, as well they might, for this meeting was their last. A long interval of separation—of exposure on one hand to the dangers of sickness and tempest, and all the unnumbered ills that assail those who trust themselves to the treacherous sea; and on the other, the risk in the sailor's eyes scarcely less, of coldness and doubt and change. It is one of the beautiful things in life, the complete realization of all ecstasy felt by those who are living in the earth's sweetest illusion. The present for them holds unmingled witchery, and nothing is dreaded in the hereafter but the possibility of alteration. Hope promises no gift brighter than what already is, and Memory loves to linger around that vision long after the beliefs it recalls have proved themselves deceptions, and, to use the German's words, the "flowers of youth have bloomed themselves away, and its dreams been dreamed out."

CHAPTER II.

A few days after the lovers' parting, a young girl, simply dressed in the deepest mourning, was seated in an apartment of a handsome mansion in our largest Eastern city. The room was showily furnished, though with more costliness than taste, and the refreshing breeze which the early autumn brings with it gently waved the rich draperies of embroidered muslin that veiled the windows. On a couch lounged a lady past the middle of life, but very gayly attired—one evidently who had not attained that most becoming knowledge how to grow old gracefully. Her eyes were languidly closed, and all about her bespoke her a professed invalid. The younger occupant of the apartment was sitting with the book from which she had been reading aloud lying on her lap, and her hands, tightly clasped together, rested on her knee. Exceedingly beautiful was her pale and placid face, though it was too pale and placid for her years. Her hair was the peculiar shade of dark brown, on which the light looks golden, and it waved in burnished smoothness from her white and chiselled forehead. The long lashes drooped over eyes whose liquid expressiveness I have never seen equalled, and the whole character of her countenance was that of tranquil resignation on the meekness that is learned from suffering. Ellen Leslie was an orphan, the sole surviving child of Mr. Leigh's only sister. Her mother had but lately died, after having long lingered in the weariness of that disease for which human skill has no alleviation, and which those who know the world call a broken heart. She had married imprudently in early life; through many years of anxiety and neglect she had hoped on, as wives will hope to the last; and when at length her husband's death brought to a sad conclusion this long trusting in vain, the soul that had already painfully borne so much shrank from the endurance of more. She died in poverty, leaving her child to the hard lot of dependence, and to struggle with that world which had given her mother nothing but a grave. Immediately on hearing of his sister's dangerous illness, Mr. Leigh had written to Ellen, cordially inviting her, in the event of her mother's death, to come to his house as her home. The intercourse between the brother and sister had always been kind, though not confidential; for the widow in the pride of a love too strong to complain, had never told her innumerable sorrows.

It was, therefore, as a stranger that Ellen had encountered her relations; for the ostentatiously rich rare little for intimacy with the poor, and the wealthy merchant always spoke with a sort of pity of his less fortunate sister. How often it is thus in daily life! Those for whom affluence smiles and luxury yields tribute, go on their carpeted path with many a thrill of self-exultation and many a pharisaical thanksgiving that they are not as other men are. While they, the poor and friendless, on whom such supercilious glances are cast, and who tread the rocky way of temptation and trial—they for whom the earth has no gift but want, and life no hope but its briefness—ah! these are the ones who through much tribulation attain their reward, who redeem our selfish nature from its dark character, and are already angelic, save that they suffer still!

It was a dark, dull day in August—one of summer's frowns—during which Ellen reached Mr. Leigh's residence. All around was so different from what the past had shown her, that she felt her loneliness more keenly than ever, and wept those passionate tears which its greatest grief wrings from the heart of youth. Her uncle and his lady received her kindly; for none could look without sympathy and interest on the touching and appealing beauty of one so early left alone. Mildred was absent, and it had been several years since the cousins met. Ellen remembered her only as a fair, dark-eyed little girl, whose rich dress had attracted her childish admiration.

A few days had elapsed since Ellen's arrival at her new home, and she had become somewhat accustomed to the novel life before her. Mrs. Leigh was excessively patronizing, and delighted to gain an attentive listener to her accounts of all the ills her flesh was peculiarly heir to, she kept her young niece almost constantly beside her couch. Ellen at first heard with artless sympathy the long list of imaginary evils endured by one to whom Fate, in reality, had denied no single blessing, and she half wondered at Mildred's heartlessness in thus leaving her mother. A few days' observation, however, proved even to her unsuspecting eyes the convenient nature of Mrs. Leigh's sufferings, and it was really a relief, when, having exhausted her medical report, the invalid requested to hear the last novel, the only literary exercise in which her feeble health permitted her to indulge. Mr. Leigh was occupied during the whole day away from home;

there were no visitors to break the monotony, for *tout le monde* was out of town, and Ellen thankfully hailed the few uninterrupted hours she was permitted to pass in her own room. Mildred was now daily expected. Her letters to her mother, which were few and far between, were filled with vague assurances of her enjoyment, and Ellen endeavored in vain to gather from their careless style some idea of the writer. In reply to the announcement of Ellen's arrival at her home, Mildred sent a message of cordial welcome, and tears filled the soft eyes of the young orphan as the caressing words fell on her ear—the only warm ones she had heard since her mother spoke. "Alas! it is a sad thing when those for whom the future in all probability holds many years have lost the hallowing presence of that household love for whose departure not even the devotedness of passion can atone. Never from any but parental lips can the words of counsel and rebuke come kindly—never from any other can sympathy be half so ready and sincere—and only on a mother's bosom can girlhood safely lay her busy experience of hope and pleasure and love. Heaven help the orphan! And, oh! let the voice be gentler and the words tenderer, when we speak to those whom God has left so lonely."

At length Mildred arrived, and was greeted with a burst of excessive fondness from her parents, which would scarcely have been expected from their usual tone of manner. But there is an egotism so intense as to be capable of division—an affection which is merely self-love multiplied—and such was the tenderness lavished on Mildred. Ellen was received by her with many cordial professions, and the heiress' large eyes were fixed in wondering, and somewhat startled admiration, on her companion's beautiful face. She had not anticipated such rare loveliness in a person she recollected only as a pale, sad child, with no thought for any thing but her mother. I have said that Mildred inherited more than her share of selfishness, and it must be admitted that she was somewhat annoyed at having so attractive a being for her constant companion. She had been taught to prize and to strive for admiration, both by precept and example, and she felt that Ellen's surpassing beauty would prove a dangerous rival. Not a single trace, however, of these rapid reflections appeared on the graceful hostess' smiling countenance, and Ellen, in the simplicity of her disposition, felt thankful that her cousin's greeting had been so extremely affectionate, and that the much-dreaded meeting was happily over.

Two weeks passed, during which the young relatives gradually acquired the familiar tone of girlish intimacy, and Mildred, who dearly loved to talk about herself, related many of her flirtations and enjoyments. Her listener had nothing of these to tell; her existence had been but one scene of prolonged anxiety—had known but one heart-binding tie—all her experience and remembrance were spoken in the words "My mother!" The gay and flattered heiress, for whom the tints of life had been so brilliant, felt but slight sympathy with such mournful recollections, and though she listened to their confession at first with courteous attention, her affection of interest speedily waned, and Ellen tearfully learned to be silent, and to realize that she had not yet found the friend she sighed for. Mildred's conversation was animated and impetuous, but the artificial tendency of her training had prematurely taught her caution, and with all her seeming carelessness she seldom committed herself. On the subject of her rash engagement with Ernest she had never spoken, and, in enumerating to her mother's delighted admirers her sprightliness and wealth always gathered around her, she guardedly omitted the "one loved name."

But a few days after her return to the city, she had received a letter from her young lover; but as she had, like the generality of girls, several constant correspondents, her parents seldom enquired from whom her epistles came. What an era it is in girlhood, the reception of the first love letter! And when, amid the wearying realities of after years, we look mournfully back on our destiny's brightest episode, how radiant does its illusion seem to the contrast—the past so full of hope and ecstasy, the present so calm and careworn and skeptical! Ernest wrote in the impetuous fervor of a mind for the first time awakened to a knowledge of its own intensity; and as Mildred read his fond and devoted words, her feelings warmed towards one who loved her, as in her vain and heartless career she had never been loved before.

"A new and delicious existence has opened before me," thus he wrote. "I never imagined, until now, how angelic a girl's life is, and how many radiant hopes may even on earth be fulfilled. How can I thank you for this knowledge—how bless you for the starry light you have shed upon my lonely path? I have no near connections—none bound by kindred to love me—and though early thrown upon the world, I have in it but one friend—but one being beside yourself who reads my heart in kindness. You may then fancy something of the rapture which your interest has bestowed, and, oh! Mildred, if a life-long devotion—if all the profound and undoubting tenderness of a suddenly awakened spirit—if a love which 'knows not to despair,' but gazes beyond a present clouded by secrecy to an unshadowed future of recompense—if these can reward your disinterested, self-forgetting kindness, you will appreciate deeply and gratefully all the sacrifice of feeling you daily endure for my sake in concealing our engagement, and continuing it without your parents' sanction. Were I to follow my own wishes, and the dictates of my judgment, I would most gladly spare you this pain by an immediate avowal of my love, and rely on their indulgent affection for an only child to pardon me for daring to hold her so dear. I am hopeful enough—though, perhaps, you will rather say presumptuous enough—to believe they would hear me patiently, and that, after absence shall have proved us both, they will yield prejudice in favor of happiness. I am not practised in concealment, and am too justly proud of my treasure to hide it voluntarily; nevertheless, in this your will is my law, and you must certainly know better than I can do what the peculiarities of your friends may render necessary. Never, until now, did I comprehend poverty to be a sin beyond society's forgiveness; and how much dearer, because how much purer, does your affection seem when it has even dared to bless what the world does not pardon! We shall meet, Mildred, in happiness at last; and though in these intervening years of darkness there will be for me no light but starry thoughts of you,

though I am denied even the consolation of receiving written assurances of your solicitude, I will hope on bravely, with the confidence of a heart too true itself to doubt or despond! Love! Love! will the veil ever fall from thine eyes?"

The cousins were sitting alone in the spacious and gorgeous drawing-room. The blinds, nearly closed, shaded the dazzling sunshine into a mellow and dreamy twilight; and as it was too early to expect visitors, Mildred idly lounged on a sofa, half reclining, half thinking, while Ellen was concluding a long letter. The sounds from the street were softened into a soothing murmur, producing that sense of solitude and isolation which is never so palpably acknowledged as when, surrounded by the hum of active humanity, we look silently inward upon our own hearts. Mildred's reflections were busy with the fanciful conceptions which drapery our first affections; pleasant memories of those old sea-batten cliffs, and the one who had looked on them with her—thoughts of rambles along the beach when its sand sparkled in the moonlight, blended with vague imaginings of the ocean in its stormy moods, and of all the dangers that thicken so fearfully around the sailor's wanderings. Ellen's meditations were not less engrossing, and these were some of the lines she wrote:

"You ask, Ernest, if I am happy here. I have delayed answering the question until I have scarcely space left to do so; for, indeed, I hardly know how to reply. I have found all I had any right to expect. My uncle and his wife are kind, and in their way considerate, and Mildred is always professing great affection for me. I sometimes fancy she is not altogether sincere—that she does not like me to be noticed, and is unwilling for visitors to waste their politeness on me. Perhaps I am unjust in believing this; but I have not become accustomed to being among strangers, and suspicion is one of the many evils poverty brings with it. Oh! Ernest, it is a hard thing to depend for daily bread on those who have no sympathy for us in their hearts; and I would toil, incessantly and thankfully, if I could only be independent. But I have no resources—at least none that can avail me—and I can but submit patiently to my wearisome and depressing position. I sometimes amuse myself with imagining how much you and I would enjoy the possession of wealth, and how many things we would do to make others happy. All your ambitious visions and schemes of benevolence might then be fulfilled, and I, in comforting the poor, would feel my life less lonely. Ah! my friend, it is almost with tears I descend from such bright pictures to the dim realities of my solitary and helpless position, and more than all, to the absence of that true affection on which I was accustomed to rely. You knew my mother, and only you, who for years have been to me as a kind and comforting brother, can appreciate all my existence has lost in losing her."

Ellen had written thus far, when the door of the apartment was opened and a gentleman announced. Her cheek brightened at his name, and with the exclamation "I was this instant writing to you!" she rose eagerly from her seat.

People's Line—1845.

Kennebec and Boston Steam Pack-
et Company,
Steamer JOHN MARSHALL,
ANDREW BROWN, MASTER.

NOTWITHSTANDING the extraordinary efforts to prevent it, this Company are happy to inform the public that they have at last succeeded in purchasing the fast sailing, coppered and copper fastened Steamer John Marshall, a first rate boat built at Baltimore, of the best materials, and "as strong as wood, iron and copper could make her." She is entirely new, having run but a few trips before she was brought upon this route. Not having her machinery placed on her guards on deck, she is remarkably stiff and upright in all her movements, and in point of speed not exceeded by any boat in the United States. She is designed for a sea route, and the trial of her proves her peculiarly fitted for such a route—buoyant—safe. Of Capt. Andrew Brown, her gentlemanly and experienced Commander, and Capt. Charles H. Beck, her Pilot, nothing need be said in way of commendation, as both of them have been favorite Packet Masters between Kennebec and Boston for many years, and know the coast and river with the familiarity of an old acquaintance.

The John Marshall will leave Hallowell every Monday and Thursday at half past 2, Gardiner at 3 and Bath at 6 o'clock P. M. Returning, will leave Long Wharf, Boston, for Bath, Richmond, Gardiner and Hallowell, on Tuesdays and Fridays, at 7 o'clock P. M. Stages will be in readiness on her arrival to take passengers to Augusta, and into all the surrounding towns and to Bangor, and twice a week to Quebec.

The Company will not hold themselves responsible for money, in packages or otherwise, sent by any officer of the boat. As the New Line was got up for the benefit of the people it is hoped the people will give it a fair share of patronage. April 29, 1845.

NEW BOAT.

Kennebec and Boston Steam Navigation,—1845.

The new, safe, and commodious Steamer

KENNEBEC,

Capt. NATHANIEL KIMBALL, WILL, until further notice, run between Hallowell and Boston. Leaving Hallowell, every MONDAY and THURSDAY afternoon, at half past 2, Gardiner at 3 and Bath at 6 o'clock P. M. Returning, leaves north side of T. Wharf, Boston, TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, at 7 o'clock P. M. FARE \$1.00—Meals Extra.

The Kennebec was built expressly for the route between Kennebec and Boston, of the best materials and workmanship. The proprietors of the Kennebec think they hazard nothing in saying she is the best Boat ever on the Eastern waters, either for safety or accommodation.

Good stages will be in readiness on the arrival of the Boat, to convey passengers to almost any town desired. HOWARD & PAGE, Agents, Hallowell. GEORGE STONE, Agents, Gardiner. J. D. GARDINER, Agents, Boston. Hallowell, June 23, 1845.

Farm for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale, or to exchange for a small house situated in a village, a farm, consisting of about fifty acres of land, two thirds of which is under tillage. Said farm is situated two miles from Kennebec Bridge, on the road leading from Augusta to Thomaston. Possession given immediately, and credit for a part if desired.

A. KINCAID, at Kennebec Bridge. Augusta, October 15, 1845.

Plows! Plows!

The subscriber, having been appointed agent for the sale of the celebrated "PROUTY & MEARS' PLOW," would inform the farmers of this vicinity that he has now on hand a large assortment of the various kinds manufactured by D. Prouty & Co., Boston. These Plows are manufactured of the best materials, and are warranted to give satisfaction. Individuals who purchase the above Plows may depend upon being furnished with new castings when wanted, at fair prices. Country merchants will be supplied at low rates. Farmers and others are invited to call and examine.

H. W. FAIRBANKS, No. 4, Phoenix Buildings, Water St., Augusta, Sept. 10, 1845.

FRESH CAMPENE, just received and for sale by DILLINGHAM & BICKNELL, No. 3, Market Square.

SPLENDID FARM.

THE subscriber, wishing to change his residence, offers for sale the Farm on which he lives; it is situated in the town of Alton, County of Lincoln, upon the Tide Waters of Sheepscot River, only five miles above vessel navigation. The lot contains about 200 acres of land, one half of which is covered with a beautiful and very valuable growth of White Oak, Soft and Hard Wood, all of which is accessible at any season of the year in the immediate vicinity of a good market. The year end is fully appropriated into Mowing, Tillage and Pasture. The Farm is under good cultivation—cuts annually to satisfy our most enterprising and extensive husband-buildings are ample and convenient, and in prime condition throughout. There is an abundant supply of good water for all useful purposes. The buildings consist of a new and comfortable dwelling, half a mile distant from two Churches—two Saw-mills—two Grist-mills and various other machinery.

The whole or a part of the above premises will be sold at a bargain and a perfect title given. Terms of payment will also be made easy to purchasers. The subscriber will be happy to answer inquiries in relation to the foregoing, and would also take the liberty to refer to the following gentlemen:

Carlton Dole, Esq., Augusta.
Lot Myrick, M. D., Augusta.
Ezekiel Holmes, Esq., Augusta.
Elihu J. Ford, M. D., Gardiner.
Col. John Glidden, Newmarket.
Moses H. Smith, Esq., Warren.
Col. James Ford, Gray.
Stephen Coker, Esq., Newburyport.
Pelag W. Chandler, Esq., Boston & Co.,
John C. Dodge, Esq., Cambridgeport.
Rev. Benj. F. Barrett, New York.
Alta, September, 1845.

Cabinet Work at Reduced Prices!

DAVID KNOWLTON, ON OAK STREET, would inform the public that he continues to carry on the Cabinet business, a few rods west of Granite Bank, on Oak street, where he keeps a small assortment of Furniture. Persons wishing to purchase, are invited to call and examine before they purchase elsewhere. OLD FURNITURE Repaired in the best manner and at short notice.

Augusta, May 6, 1845.

N. B. COFFINS of various sizes kept on hand at the above shop.

Augusta, June, 1845.

100 CASKS WEYMOUTH IRON COMPANY'S NAILS, a few casks wrought nails; a full assortment of German, Devereux's and American glass for sale low, at the Hardware and Stove Store, 1 and 2 doors North of the Post Office.

LEWIS P. MEAD & CO.

Augusta, June, 1845.

SUPERIOR LEMON SYRUP and BARKSAPILLA MEAD for sale by

July 23, DILLINGHAM & BICKNELL.

Oil Cloth Carpeting.

THE subscriber, having received the agency of one of the largest Oil Cloth Manufacturers in the State, is prepared to sell at the lowest factory prices. Persons in want of Carpetings are invited to call, and they may be assured of getting a good article, at the lowest prices.

CALDWELL & CO., No. 1, Merchants' Row.

August 20,

At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the first Monday of Nov., A. D. 1845, within and for the County of Kennebec.

A CERTAIN instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of BENJ. E. FRECKSTOT, late of Winthrop, in said County, deceased, having been presented by EBER C. SELL, the Executor therein named for Probate:

ORDERED, That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the last Monday of Nov. inst., at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of the said deceased.

W. EMMONS, Judge.

Attest: F. DAVIS, Register.

Cony Female Academy.

THE WINTER TERM of the Cony Female Academy will commence on Monday, November 17, at 9 o'clock, A. M., in the large and commodious building formerly occupied as the Bethel Church. All who intend to join the school are requested to be present punctually on Monday morning.

In addition to the English branches, instruction will be given in the Greek, Latin and French languages. The school will be under the care of Mr. N. AVES, Esq., a graduate of the University of Cambridge. Connected with the Academy is a Boarding House, with accommodations for twenty or thirty pupils, where board may be obtained at a cost of about \$1.50 per week. One half the tuition of those who are from out of town is paid by the Trustees.

Augusta, October, 1845.

Farms for Sale.

A FARM situated in the town of Gardiner, in the County of Penobscot, containing about 120 acres, suitably divided into mowing, tillage, pasture and woodland, with a good and sufficient orchard; and there is now kept on said farm seventy sheep, eleven head of horned cattle and a horse, and will be in a condition to keep more stock next year; is well fenced, affording suitable and sufficient water, good and sufficient buildings, and within 5 and 8 miles of three excellent manufacturing establishments. The subscriber will take in payment a part in having sheep kept, a small part at the time of giving possession in cash, and the remainder with a credit and security.

Also—A Farm in the town of Dover, in the shire town of Piscataquis County, and five miles from the flourishing village of Foxcroft and Dover, and about 1 mile from the Bangor stage road leading to said villages and a Post Office; this Farm contains about 90 acres of excellent broken land, well wooded, with first rate tillage land, good mowing and pasturing and a thrifty young orchard, producing about 100 bushels of apples, well fenced, and a large growth of cedar capable of affording sufficient fencing for the whole farm, and a large surplus to spare; cuts about 20 tons of hay. Conditions of sale will be about one third part cash down and the remainder to a liberal credit with mortgage security.

Those wishing to purchase a farm may be assured that they can scarcely fail of being suited in one or the other of these farms after an examination for themselves, as they will find all the conveniences and privileges above related, and the subscriber will sell, to one unacquainted with the view and surrounding the premises, and will be the best recommendations.

For further information enquire of the subscriber living on the farm in Gardiner.

September 15, 1845.

American Hardware.

THE subscriber offers for sale, upon the most liberal terms, a general assortment of AMERICAN HARDWARE, Blind Fastenings, Butts, Screws, Morice Locks and Latches, Japanese do, Door Buttons, brass and japanned; Augers and Auger Bits, Saw Springs